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JOY TOYS for your children

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CAREER GIRL

By Starr Paret

FANNY FORSDEN smiled, and from the window of a parked taxi the smile wreathed back at her, puckish, maternal. Forsden, the funny girl, she reminded herself. Only on the surface, though—like wearing dark clothes when what you really wanted to wear was chartreuse with big cherry dots. Like making believe to-night was just another night, when it wasn't. For Mac was coming to dinner.

Mac! She saw a window full of men's shirts, and lost step. He'd look nice in that blue—searchlight blue, like his eyes. But no, she'd sent his birthday present, and he had called her at noon about:

"Hey, old girl, this is a real lighter! I love you very much; but solid gold!"

"I love you very much." He was always saying things like that. Then people would wink at her, and hint things; and she would say blandly: "Isn't he a darling? I won him in a raffle," because it was none of their business what she really thought about Mac.

She stood impatiently for a traffic light to change. People were so inconsistent. One time they'd be trying to get you married off, and the next time they'd be saying how they envied your lovely independent life.

Maybe they thought that working for everything you got, and not having to answer to anyone but the boss, made a lovely life. Probably they didn't know how lonely you could be in the middle of a rush job at the office if you thought about the end of the day. Or in the midst of a party so noisy that no one else seemed to realise. Fanny knew.

The thought of parties made her wish she had planned one for to-night. Mac loved parties. But almost everyone she knew was in the country or in the Services. Still, there was always Jen, and even three would be more fun. On impulse she bolted into a telephone booth . . . Poor little Jen, with her funny frail face and her vague eyes.

"Hello, child; this is Fan. Come over to supper with Mac and me?"

Jen seemed to hesitate. "I'd love to, Fanny, but I have a sort of engagement."

"Nonsense!" Fanny cried. "You mean to sit there and tell me you can't eat my lovely dinner?" She could visualise Jen freezing in her little room, pretending to have an engagement because she had already been over once this week.

"Really, Fanny, it's too cold."

"This is special," Fanny persisted. "Celebration. You and me and Mac. There's a high temperature in my sitting-room, and I'll have a drink waiting for you."

Jen said: Well—all right, Fanny."

In her tiny room, Jen put the receiver back and sighed. Another evening would now be added to a list of endless obligations. What didn't she owe to Fanny? Her job, her friends, what fun she had. Fanny was responsible for everything.

THERE was nothing Fanny wouldn't do for you. There was nothing she wouldn't do for any of her friends, and she had so many of them, too. They all owed so much to her—happiness—pleasures—success.

Not that success seemed important to Jen any longer—it no longer seemed to matter after you found your man, the only man you had ever wanted. The one man in the world you couldn't have, because he was Mac Murfray, and he belonged to Fan.

He belonged to Fanny even when he sat in Fanny's own sitting-room in the midst of a crowd and said: "I've kicked around all over the world, Jen. I've met thousands of people. But I never met anyone I wanted to know as I want to know you."

Just the kindly flattery of a man with a deep heart and gentle ways.

"Jen, you don't belong here. I see you with sunlight in your hair, going up a country lane. You ought to be planting things in a garden, fussing around a house. You've got the voice for calling children to supper. What are you doing in all this smoke and dust and dirt?"

Mac understood; he understood too much and too well. But over his shoulder she couldn't help seeing Fanny's eyes and Fanny wanted Mac. . .

Mac Murfray was stamping restlessly around his flat when the telephone rang. He reached for the receiver, and grinned at the familiar voice in his ear: "Mac, it's Fanny. You be in time to-night—hear? I don't want my chicken to dry up."

He laughed. Then: "Fan, we've done it. I'm in the R.A.F., pilot too!"

"Mac! Not really!"

"In the bag. I signed on the dotted line to-day. Now we'll celebrate, you and I. We'll paint the town purple!"

"Wonderful! Oh, I forgot—Jen's coming, too."

"Grand. We'll all celebrate; the more the merrier!"

He tossed the receiver into its cradle and laughed once more. His commission at last—and on his birthday, too! Good old Fan! No one had fussed about his birthday since he was ten, and he loved it. Fan was his lucky mascot. She had brought him luck—after a bad spell, too!

As an "A" pilot with eighty-five hours' solo to his credit the R.A.F. had seemed a certainty, but when medical and technical boards had kept him out of the Services for months, Fanny's spirit and camaraderie had checked his impatience and ill-humor. Now he had finally come through good and ready for active service.

"Why must you wear such silly shoes?" Mac protested, as Fanny fell.

Mac smiled. Queer that a girl should come to be such a grand pal! So different with that other girl, Jen. They started off well, and then just when he thought he was making good, she froze slowly solid on him. What ailed her, anyway? When he rang up to say, "How about a film?" she was always busy. No, he couldn't come over; she was just leaving. Then she stopped turning up at Fanny's so often, and hardly spoke to him when she did. No—it took someone like Fanny to be a real friend. Now he could pay back some of those dinners; when he came home on leave he'd buy her something. Something nice—a pair of shoes, perhaps.

Mac remembered the previous winter meeting Fanny at her office on an Arctic afternoon—the wind was bitter, but she'd worn the stupidest summer sandals, swearing that her circulation was good, so why worry? Then a heel had come off one of the sandals and Fan had fallen crossing Piccadilly Circus. But she was unruffled as Mac helped her up, protesting crossly: "Why must you wear such silly shoes?" She was always unruffled—that made it difficult. You couldn't do things for Fan, she'd rather walk than ride, she didn't eat sweets, and she bought her perfume wholesale.

Now if it were Jen. But Jen was a fool, and he was a fool for thinking about her . . .

Fanny lit the oven and began seasoning Mac's favorite stuffing, and all the time she was thinking: What did it mean when he called her darling? When he said, "I love you like nobody's business" — did it mean anything?

Fanny crashed pots together and found relief in the uproar. "I can cook to beat everyone," she said blandly sometimes, and everyone agreed.

"You ought to get married, Fan," they told her. "What are you saving yourself for—millionaire?"

She could be imperturbable. She could say: "I ask every one I meet, but they always say no." She could make them laugh with remarks like that. When they laughed they stopped probing, but it still hurt underneath. And it didn't help much when people said she must be in love with her job.

But let them talk. Being a career girl wasn't so much, but it was something.

Suddenly she felt tired, depression seized her. The war was absorbing Mac—almost she was glad. The frustration of inactivity had been biting him harder daily. But beyond a few to-morrows was a void; she thought wryly of being married and focusing on a future with Mac.

When the war was over—perhaps a house just outside town. She saw herself driving to the station to meet the six-thirty, with a couple of carrot-top youngsters yelling for their dad.

Fanny sighed. He was the only man she'd thought of in just that way, and she shouldn't think that way . . . But they had had wonderful times together. "Come on, Fan," he'd say. "Put your bonnet on—we're going for a bus ride." Or it might be a walk in the park, while he told her about the marvellous things he planned to do.

There was that and more, but what did it mean—anything? What was it you had to have to make a man fall in love with you. What in the world did you do? It wasn't that she didn't know any men; she met plenty of them at the office, and her married friends were always turning up with nice eligible ones for her. And the men always seemed to like her.

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The purity of Pears Soap need not be taken on trust. You can actually look right into the heart of a tablet. Its lather is mild and gentle—perfect for delicate baby skin. And the faint mellowed fragrance comes simply from the fine ingredients, long matured.

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A. & F. PEARS Pa. 10.27

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"Miss Stanton STEPS OUT"

"How long is it since you've talked to a man about anything but welfare work?" Sally asked accusingly.

By GERTRUDE MACAULEY

MISS WINIFRED STANTON had been welfare supervisor at the huge Samuel Pepper clothing factory in Yorkshire for fifteen years when the management sent her to the United States to study American welfare conditions.

The welfare department, which Miss Stanton had helped to build up from very modest beginnings, was considered one of the best in the whole country, a fact the management never forgot to stress in its advertising.

Miss Stanton was an inspiration at her job, her patience and tact phenomenal, her hours of work uncounted. She ceased to have a life of her own except on her annual holidays, but by the time they came round all she wanted was to go to some quiet place to rest and recuperate in the sun.

Clothes played a small part in her busy life. She always wore plain silk blouses, tweed suits, severe felt hats, and sensible, low-heeled brogues.

The only personal pleasure she expected from her trip overseas was to see an old friend who had worked as her secretary many years before and who was now living in New York.

Winifred cabled her, and when the boat docked she was almost the first person to come aboard.

To Winifred's surprise Sally didn't recognise her immediately, but when Winifred finally attracted her attention Sally rushed up to her and hugged her.

"Winnie!" she cried. "Winnie, you old darling! I'm so glad to see you again!"

She chattered gaily on to hide her confusion. Could it really be possible, she was thinking, that this dowdy-looking spinster was the pretty girl she had known?

"I'm simply dying to hear all about the factory and everyone. Just think, it's over ten years since I left!"

"Yet it seems only yesterday you told me you were giving up your job and going in for beauty training," said Winifred.

"Yes," laughed Sally. "And do you remember how shocked you were? Couldn't understand why I'd give up such a sure thing. But I'm glad I did, and got away while the going was good. I've one of the smartest beauty establishments in New York now, to say nothing of a handsome husband and daughter."

"You knew what you wanted," Winifred said warmly. "I'm so glad you've made a success. And you're looking simply lovely."

"How long are you staying?" Sally asked.

"I'll be here about eight weeks. Then I can take my summer holiday. I get a month."

It was arranged she should spend her month's vacation with Sally and her husband at their summer home on Long Island.

That was when it all started. Sally always had been too good-natured and fond of poking into other people's business. At her lovely home she proceeded to take Winifred apart and put her together again. She was an expert at the job, and did it so gently Winifred did not know it was happening.

It was incredible the way Winifred bloomed under Sally's care. The years of hard work and responsibility seemed to drop away from her.

Two nights before Winifred was due to sail Sally came into her room looking gorgeous.

"Look here, Winnie," she said, throwing herself on to the lounge. "We haven't much time left together, and I want to have a talk with you."

After a short pause, during which she scrutinised her old friend with professional pride, she asked abruptly:

"Are you really happy at your job?"

"Well, yes—of course I am!" Winifred answered, quickly overcoming her first hesitancy. "It's useful work, and I do it as well as anyone could. I know the employees all like me, and Sir Samuel is very pleased with what I've done. Look——" She unclasped a slim leather case and held out a modest pearl necklace. "Sir Samuel gave me this last Christmas. I'm sure it means he's pleased with me."

Sally looked unimpressed.

"Winnie, have you by any chance ever heard of an old institution known as marriage?" she said quietly.

"But Sally," Winifred said laughingly, "you know very well I'm not the type that attracts men."

"And why not, pray?" the undaunted Sally promptly retorted. "I'll tell you why—because you've never tried. How long is it since you've talked to a man about anything but welfare work instead of about himself? How long is it since you gave more than a passing thought to your appearance? Do you expect the handsome hero to ride on a white horse up to the factory gates and recognise the heart of gold buried beneath all that efficiency and tweed?"

Suddenly she took Winifred in her arms.

"Oh, Winnie!" she said, and there were tears in her large dark eyes. "I hate to have you go back to it again!"

Winifred looked bewildered.

"But what else could I do? That's what I was trained for—I'm really very lucky to have such a good job."

Sally exploded.

"Dash your good job and your Sir Samuels!" she screamed. "Look what they're doing to you! Winnie, I remember you so well when you first started there—you were such a fresh, lovely girl, almost as lovely as you are now," she added mischievously. "You have too much responsibility and no fun."

"You've been so good to me, and you're absolutely right, but that's the way it is," Winifred said gently.

Sally wouldn't give in.

"Winnie," she begged earnestly, "don't go back yet—I want to introduce you to some nice men now you're so lovely again."

"I can't be away any longer," Winifred replied.

"At least give yourself a chance on the way home. The way you look now no one could resist you, if you dressed properly, that is, and no one knew you were thirty-five. I'm going to get you some clothes to wear on board, and if you see a man you like you're to go for him."

"But—but—" Winifred looked profoundly shocked. "What would a man think? He'd have no respect——"

"Men don't marry women because they respect them, my girl. They marry them because they are attracted."

Winifred blushed.

"Oh, for heaven's sake! Don't be coy at your age," Sally said brutally. "It's high time you had a husband, and you're going to get one on this trip or I'll know the reason why! A young friend of ours, Chester Blair, is going over on the same boat. He'll set the stage for you. That always helps. Tomorrow I take you shopping."

When Winifred sailed Sally's prophecy came true.

For the first time in her life she was a success with men. She found it was really quite easy, particularly in the daytime, when nothing was seemingly expected of her but that she listen and seem amused. It was a new sensation to find herself with a retinue of admirers, but none of them really meant a thing to her. Winifred felt she had outgrown them all a long time ago.

There was one man on board, however, who really did attract her. That was Dr. Mackenzie, the ship's doctor. She sat at his table. He was an intelligent and nice-looking Scotsman in his late thirties.

Just my type, Winifred decided the first evening, when she sat next to him at dinner. When they parted that night, after a late stroll on deck, both were conscious of regret that time had sped so swiftly.

The next day he met her she was clad in a brief sharkskin playsuit, with Chester paying court. She couldn't help seeing the disapproving look that came into the doctor's eyes.

After that he made no effort to talk to her. He was polite and a little distant at meals.

It was that wretched playsuit, Winifred decided, looking at it malevolently. If she hadn't promised Sally she'd wear it she would have thrown it overboard.

That evening she dressed very carefully. She looked critically at her reflection in the full-length mirror. Her make-up was perfect. Sally would have been delighted with the result of her labors.

Winifred was late reaching the table. Dressing had been such a simple affair all her life that she wasn't yet accustomed to the elaborate ritual it had now become.

"Sorry I'm late," she murmured.

The doctor rose from his soup with ill-concealed irritation while she seated herself. Then Chester, who sat at her other side, arrived.

"I called for you, lovely," he said to Winifred, loud enough for Dr. Mackenzie to hear. "The bird had flown. Don't say the doctor got there ahead of me?"

"You don't know the doctor," she said gaily. "He disapproves of me as a frivolous female." She turned to him challengingly.

"I don't mind telling you I haven't much use for modern women," he replied. "I believe a woman's function is making a home, not traipsing around from one country to another in search of excitement. I prefer the old-fashioned type." He glanced severely at her dress, moulded to her figure. "Women who wear decent clothes—tweeds, and sensible things like that."

"Tweeds!" Winifred kept her face straight only with great difficulty.

"Yes, tweeds," Dr. Mackenzie said sternly. "Nice women always wear tweeds."

"Do they, really?" This time Winifred couldn't help smiling. "If you like the tweedy sort so much, there's a fair sprinkling of them on board."

"I haven't noticed them," said the doctor.

"You're very severe, Dr. Mackenzie. It's too bad you don't like the modern woman because this one wants you to dance with her tonight. I've been hoping you'd ask me, even though I'm not one of your favorites."

"I wouldn't let it worry you," the doctor replied. "You always have plenty of partners."

In the lounge that evening Winifred, who was dancing with Chester and the boys, watched the doctor warily. Just when she was giving up hope of him he came over to her.

"I expect I was too outspoken at dinner," he said rather shyly. "Please give me a dance to show you're not angry."

Winifred loved dancing, and was extremely good at it, for it was one of her duties at the factory dances to partner the staid and often portly heads of departments. She was conscious that she and Dr. Mackenzie looked well together. By mutual consent after that first dance they remained partners.

When Winifred was at her happiest the doctor suddenly broke the spell. He was looking down at her bright radiant face. How infuriating, he thought savagely, that that sort of woman should be able to simulate so perfectly the innocent delight of a child at her first party.

He scowled. When the dance ended he escorted her to her place, and without another word left the lounge.

Winifred couldn't think what she had said or done to offend him. The rest of the evening was the most miserable bore. As soon as she could she excused herself, and went below to her cabin.

The weather they had been having broke during the night. The boat was rolling and pitching violently when Winifred awoke.

Her table in the dining-room was deserted when she went to breakfast. Winifred was half-way through her meal when Dr. Mackenzie took his accustomed place at her side. After the briefest exchange of greetings they ate in silence.

Please turn to page 4

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Did you MACLEAN your teeth to-day?

It turns 'em out fine!

MACLEANS makes yellow teeth white.

MACLEANS tones up the gums . . makes them firm, hard and healthy.

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BRITISH TO THE TEETH

Miss Stanton Steps Out

Continued from page 3

SHE spent the morning on deck, wrapped in her blanket, and resumed her musings on Dr. Mackenzie. Seated then, her eyes closed, she tried to think of some reason for his strange behavior. Suddenly opening her eyes, she saw him standing near. A puzzled look still was in his eyes as he gazed at her.

Since he danced with her the night before he had been intensely aware of her. He had lain awake for hours trying in vain to dismiss her from his mind. It was all most disturbing. She was the spoiled young lady of leisure, yet there was something different and disturbing about her. Even finding her alone on deck in this weather was unusual.

That night there was to be the usual masquerade. It was the last night—they would be at Liverpool next day.

There was a knock at the door. It was a steward with a box of flowers. They were violets, her favorite flower. On the card with them was engraved the name, Dr. James Mackenzie.

To Winifred's chagrin, Dr. Mackenzie hardly spoke to her at dinner.

When Winifred attempted to thank him, he looked embarrassed.

"Don't give it another thought," he murmured vaguely.

Winifred felt tears sting her eyes. To hide her confusion she plunged into the champagne which on this final night aboard ship flowed like water. She wasn't used to champagne and soon was laughing gaily at the extravagant compliments being heaped on her by Chester.

She was aware that Dr. Mackenzie had stopped talking and was looking like a thundercloud, but she was past caring now. She was going to enjoy this last wild party to the full. To-morrow she would be the quiet and efficient Miss Stanton again, not only to-morrow, but all the endless days thereafter. To-night she must have enough fun to last a very long time.

She didn't quite know how it happened, but she and Chester were up on deck in the cool night air. Suddenly she felt very tired and dispirited. She wanted to go to bed, but Chester wouldn't hear of it.

"Too early for bed," he muttered thickly. All the way across she had been running out on him. He wouldn't let her get away with it on their last night. He put his arms around her and bent to kiss her.

At first he thought her attempt to evade the kiss was part of her act. He even laughed indulgently. Then it dawned on him that she was in earnest.

"Whassa big idea?" he demanded, and seized her roughly.

Winifred, really alarmed, pushed him away. Chester, who was none too steady on his feet, staggered and would have fallen if Dr. Mackenzie hadn't loomed out of the dark in time to prevent it.

"I—I'm sorry, but—but I think you've made a—a mistake," Winifred said, almost overcome with embarrassment.

"I'll say so!" Chester retorted.

"Better turn in, old man." The doctor patted him on the back and he ambled off.

Never in all her life had Winifred felt so humiliated. She tried to speak, but her voice had failed her. Tears came instead. Dr. Mackenzie looked at her disdainfully.

"What did you expect?" he asked.

Winifred didn't attempt an answer. She merely turned and fled.

The doctor watched her go with relief. The scene had been extremely distasteful. He reached for his pipe, and, as he lit it, something gleamed on the deck by his feet. It was a string of pearls.

Bad show, he told himself. Well, it was no use disturbing her to-night. He'd return them in the morning.

But Winifred didn't appear in the dining-room next morning. The boat docked while breakfast was being served, and when Dr. Mackenzie went to give her the pearls he found she had left the ship.

Confound it, he'd had trouble enough with her already, and now here he was saddled with her pearls! He'd half a mind to throw them overboard. Serve her jolly well right to lose them. He couldn't remember being so vindictive about anything before.

But the doctor didn't throw the pearls overboard. After all, they might be worth something. Dr. Mackenzie decided he'd have to find out where she lived and send them on by registered post—not that she deserved to get them.

All his bewilderment returned when he was told that she had given an address in a drab Yorkshire industrial city. He knew it well—he went through it often enough going to Scotland and back.

It wouldn't be a bad idea to deliver the pearls in person, he thought—make sure she got them. He was going home for a few days' leave, and it wouldn't take much time.

Not for anything, of course, would Dr. Mackenzie have admitted what a welcome excuse the pearls proved to be. Last night he'd tossed in his bunk for hours, wondering about all that had happened. Surely a woman of her sort ought to have been able to handle such a situation more deftly. Yet she had undeniably been upset. It just didn't make sense at all.

. . . . . .

Hours later Dr. Mackenzie alighted at a dismally dirty station. Soot from many mill and factory chimneys smudged inky fingers over the city.

He took a wheezing old taxi, which finally jolted to a stop in front of a small and unimpressive dwelling. Dr. Mackenzie told the driver to wait and walked quickly up the neat garden path.

The house assuredly wasn't his idea of what Miss Stanton's home would be like. Nor was the forthright raw-boned female who opened the door the maid he would have picked for her.

"Did you want summat?" The woman stared at him uncompromisingly.

"I—I'm looking for Miss Stanton—"

"She's never 'ome this time of t'day. Was it summat important?"

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Career Girl

Continued from page 2

THEY were always stamping up and down her dark stairs, pounding on her door. They would telephone for last-minute dates: "Good old Fanny, we can always count on you." Or they would ring up from "Somewhere in England"—miles from town. "Hi, Fanny! Just wanted to talk to a white woman again."

"Fanny, the vampire!" the girls teased her. "Too clever to be caught, aren't you? You know when you're well off."

"Fanny's an idealist," Jen suggested. "She's waiting for Lochinvar."

Someone else said, "Bosh to that! Fanny likes her life; don't you, Fan? What's a man but a headache in instalments?"

Fanny opened a bottle of sherry and put three glasses on a tray. Then bathed and changed. She had just finished setting the table when he came. His big arm crushed her shoulders exuberantly. "Little Fanny, with vine leaves in her hair—or is it mashed potatoes? Well, what do you think of the airman?"

"Best news I've heard," she told him honestly. Then the bell interrupted them. "Let Jen in, will you, Mac? Heavens, the chicken!" She flew out to look.

Mac opened the door and watched Jen come slowly up the stairs in a woolly cap that made her look about ten. "Hallo," she said. "Happy birthday, Mac."

Mac took two steps forward and kissed her. Jen twisted away and said: "You can't do this, Mac. It's cheap. It's rotten. What kind of a man are you?"

He stared at her, trying to get it straight in his head; but before he could answer Jen had brushed past him and gone into the flat.

In Fanny's cluttered sitting-room Jen tried to pull herself together, praying Fanny wouldn't notice the trembling she could feel in every nerve.

Fanny stuck her head out of the kitchen and beamed. "Heavens, Jen, you look just like a winter fairy! Don't come out here, or you'll dissolve. Drinks on the trolley; amuse yourself." The door slammed, and Jen was left alone with Mac.

His eyes were angry. "What's the idea—calling me cheap? Calling me rotten?"

So here was the opening at last. How dare he flirt with Fanny's friends while he sponged on Fanny herself! Jen made her voice hard. She nodded to the closed kitchen door and said: "Fanny's out there cooking dinner. How many dinners does that make, Mac? Or have you lost count?"

He caught her arm. "She loves to cook. What about it?"

"Loves to cook!" Jen jerked loose and walked away. "She'd love service instead of serving—soft lights and sweet music."

He frowned, trying to take it in. "What's she got to do with you and me? What are you talking about?"

Jen thought: Oh, Fanny, you were the fool; the idiot girl; the sweet, simple lamb. Mac whirled her around and glared down at her.

"You started something. Go on—finish it, what about Fanny?"

"What about her!" Jen fought to keep her voice low. "Who fed you? Who nursed your silly little ego when you were down? Who spoon-fed your pride?" She laughed sharply, bitterly. "You'd be beating your head against a brick wall now if it weren't for Fanny. You don't seem to realise what you owe her; I don't think you realise anything."

"That's what you think?" he said angrily. "What of it?"

She shivered. "You fool! Mac, you fool! She loves you." She leaned against him and began to cry, softly, wearily. "She loves you, Mac. I know she does."

"Yes, I know." His arm went around her. "She loves me." His fingers tilted her chin up awkwardly. "She loves you, too, Jen. Old Fan loves everyone. But not like this."

Jen could not turn her mouth away, and when he kissed her this time all she could think was: "No, not ever like this. Not Fanny."

In the kitchen Fanny sat stiff on the high stool, and stared blankly at the vegetables getting cold on a tray. She tried to move, because she had to put the parsley around the chicken; but somehow her legs felt numb. And her hands, when she tried to pick up the parsley, trembled as if they were very cold.

Perhaps—perhaps it didn't mean anything, men kissed girls often. Mac had probably kissed a lot of girls. After all, why shouldn't he? It didn't have to mean something.

Perhaps it was a bad dream. Perhaps if she went in there again.

But, no, it was real enough. Jen had been crying.

It must have been like that all the time—Mac and Jen. She could see it now. Perhaps she'd always known, as Jen must have known. And it was so inevitable, so right, so right for both of them. Waiting for the suburban house—meeting a train—even the children—she could see it all come true for Mac and Jen. They'd be happy.

Fanny rose and smiled, trying not to feel the hand of loneliness on her shoulder. Mac and Jen—it was perfect for them. For a moment she felt vaguely troubled, as if all this had happened many times before; but then she laughed. Of course, it had happened before; people were always marrying and giving in marriage. This really was a celebration.

She picked up her tray and turned towards the kitchen door. This time she kicked it open with a crash and called out: "Here comes the dinner! I hope you saved a drink for the white-collar slave."

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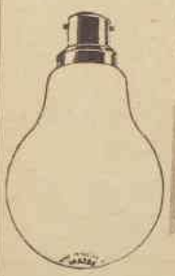
ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

Is there a MAZDA in the house?

Is he mad about something? You're right, he is. He had figured on spending a nice quiet evening in bed with a good book. That's what he thought! But how could he read in *that* light? "Miss," he roars: "Haven't you ever heard of 'MAZDA' LAMPS?"

WARTIME MORAL

By all means don't waste light but have sufficient to avoid eyestrain. Use correct size MAZDA electric light bulbs in proper fittings. You'll get all the light you pay for and save your sight. Mazda Lamps stay brighter longer.



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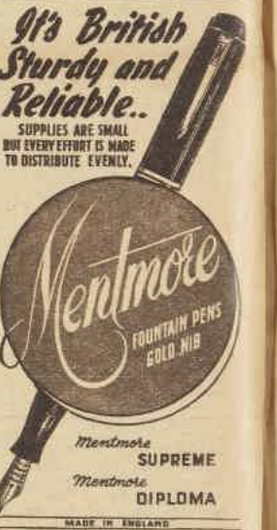

HOW TO KEEP FIT

Keep healthy—free from constipation—by taking NYAL FIGSEN, the gentle, pleasant-tasting laxative. Chew one or two NYAL FIGSEN tablets before going to bed to-night. In the morning FIGSEN acts—gently but thoroughly—without pain or stomach upsets. NYAL FIGSEN is one of the 168 dependable NYAL FAMILY MEDICINES and is sold only by qualified chemists.

24 tablets—1/3.

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THE GENTLE LAXATIVE

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Following the hound's gaze, Eric saw the cougar crouched on a rock near the crevice.

He wanted some protective presence to stand between him and the fear of cowardice.

A killer stalks abroad

FAR off to the west the snow-capped mass of the Rockies took the morning light. As he stood by the window looking at them, Eric Sanderson took a deep and grateful breath.

Although the dream had returned in the night after nearly a month, he had gone to sleep again; it had lost its power, and soon he would be finished with it. Formerly the nightmare clarity of the sudden roaring swoop of Japanese planes out of the morning sky as he walked across Hickam Field would hold him wide awake, and affect him the following day like a physical illness.

On the transport coming home, where it started, and after he bought the ranch, the dream had tortured him because he thought it an indication of cowardice deep within him, despite the fact that he, a reserve captain in the Quartermaster Corps, with more knowledge of wool than of fighting, hadn't acted like a coward.

Far from it. For a moment he had been startled into immobility; then, with the bombs and machine-gun fire roaring around him, he ran to the nearest plane with a movable machine-gun mounted on it and served the gun until a tracer nicked his lung. The plane had been burning when they got him out.

When he first came to the ranch and was left comparatively alone he began to hate and fear the mountains. They were too aloof when he wanted some protective presence to stand between him and the fear of cowardice, but he came to know, through watching them, that the help he wanted would have to come from himself.

Switching his thoughts from the past, he looked down, to see Enders, who had been out at the foot of the southern hills with the fourth herd, riding in beyond the corral. Enders rode up to the barn, and as he was sliding off his pony old Garcia came out; they stood talking for a moment. Old Garcia gave the shrug which he saved for calamities, and, not waiting to see more, Eric turned from the window and went out.

As he turned the corner of the barn he saw that George Gates, his second in command, had joined the two others.

They all stopped talking and looked towards him; George, lean and competent and hawk-faced; Enders, detached in the manner of most lonely sheep herders; and old Garcia, swarthy and wrinkled and earthy as any of his Indian ancestors.

"Morning," he said. "What's the trouble?"

"Mornin', Cap," George said, and the others nodded.

"I was just goin' back with Enders," George went on.

"Why?"

"Well, it ain't much," George said. "Nothin' to worry about."

There was a short silence, and old Garcia shuffled his feet and stared at the ground. A pony neighed in the corral, and Enders' pony threw its head up. Enders looked at Eric and looked away. George was covering something up.

"I want to know, George," Eric said.

"Well," George said. "Well, Cap, the lion's come back."

Old Garcia let out his breath in a low sigh, and raised his black, unreadable Indian eyes.

Eric didn't understand. "A lion?" he asked. "A mountain lion, a cougar? And he's after the sheep? You'll have to get him then, George."

For the first time since Eric had known George, George looked embarrassed. It was a remarkable expression. "They've been tryin' to get him for six years," he said. "Gover'ment men and everybody else. Last night, Cap, he walked in and knocked over two hundred and forty-three of our sheep."

"Two hundred and forty-three sheep!" Eric exclaimed, staring at George.

"He ain't through yet," George said. "Now he's here we'll lose plenty more. We always do when he's around."

For a moment Eric was silent before such destruction and George's estimate of more to come. His life was in those sheep. He looked at each of the men in turn.

"I shouldn't have told you," George said apologetically. "Me and Enders could maybe run him off, even if we never had no luck the two times before."

"Before?" Eric asked. "He's been here before?"

"Yep," George said. "Didn't they tell you that?"

"No," Eric said.

"This here ranch is his favorite stampin' ground. He don't roost around here because there ain't no place rocky enough for him to roost in, but when he gets to feelin' plumb pizen mean he comes here first and goes to it. It don't make no difference if he's two hundred miles off. He just thinks of this place and starts travellin'."

"Not very cheerful, is it?" Eric said after a long pause. He felt baffled before this malignant and elusive beast after hearing story after story from George. "I—we've got to get rid of him. I won't be run out of this place. Couldn't you take Garcia and Enders and get some hounds? You use hounds, don't you?"

George looked at him sombrely and took him to one side. "Garcia's scared to death of him," he said. "And Enders—I don't reckon Enders would be much good either. They'd do anything for you, Cap, but this lion's just somethin' they get stampeded about. And it ain't sensible for one man to go alone." He was silent for a moment. "Cap," he said, "it looks like it's you and me for it—and there ain't time to get no fancy hounds in. Jim Tuttle's got an old hound the lion pretty well crippled up once, but he'll cold-trail. He's pretty near done, that hound, but he's game. I'll drive over after him now, and you can get Garcia to make a pack up. We'll take him along to cook and keep camp. I'll get back soon as I can."

For a long moment Eric stood. I can't do anything, he thought, I can't help much. But I'll be there to back George up.

. . . . . .

Eric slept on the hard bunk in the sheep waggon, and when he came out breakfast was ready, and George had caught the hobbled horses and brought them in. The hound, refusing to eat, had slept under the waggon, but their movements had made it restless, and George put it in the waggon and latched the door. "I ain't aimin' to have it run off too quick," he said. "Let's eat."

After a hurried meal George rolled their blankets and helped Garcia pack, Eric saddled the ponies and let the hound out. They started, the ponies fresh and pulling a little in the cool air. The sun climbed and the freshness went off the day.

Eric, as he rode, could feel deep within him a shadowy thing that he wouldn't recognise or admit to be fear tightening like a spring.

At the second camp they found Holtz sitting on the rear steps of the sheep waggon, staring at the ground. He stood up slowly and walked over to them with his shoulders slumped.

"How many did it get?" George asked.

"A hunnerd and twenty-two," Holtz said. He looked at them for a moment, and his lips tightened. "It got my dog."

He and the small grey shepherd had been inseparable for years; it had been the best sheep dog Eric ever saw. "I'm sorry, Holtz," he said. "We'll do our best to get one of his pups for you somewhere. Where did the lion come in?"

Holtz pointed to a bare little hill about five hundred yards away. "I'm agoin' with you, Cap, even if I got to kill it with a knife or a club or just keep movin' until my feet give out."

"No," Eric said. "Stay here with the sheep and keep what's left of them."

Holtz stared at the ground, not speaking.

"It's sense," George said. "We'll send Garcia back to Enders for his dog, to help round 'em up again. We won't need him, the way we aim to travel."

"Okay," Holtz said finally. "But if you don't git it I start out."

He turned away. George told the silent Garcia what he was to do, rolled a few supplies in his blanket, and he and Eric, with the hound limping in front of them, rode out to the little hill. The torn sheep were scattered all about, and the hound started on a wide circle of them. Half-way around he stopped and threw his head up; they could see his hackles rise. He pointed his muzzle at the sky, gave a single ringing bay, dropped his muzzle again, and started towards the distant foothills at an uneven lope.

"Come on," George said, and kicked his pony. "This is where it starts."

The hound, vanishing and reappearing through the scattered clumps of sage ahead of them, never checked. It kept the two ponies at a lope. They didn't talk. The sun took its journey over them; the immense and lonely land, in which nothing moved but a few gophers, flowed by, and the shadows began to lengthen.

As though the failing light had released the tension in him, Eric was very tired. The plain blurred a little on his sight and cleared again; he rode closer to George.

"We'd better call it a day," he said.

George's eyes were bloodshot from the glare. "Yep," he said.

He shouted for the hound; it stopped, looked at him for a moment, and began to move again. George swore and spurred his horse. He got in front of the hound, but it merely dodged him and went on. He had to rope it, and then it nearly strangled fighting the rope before he dismounted and picked it up in his arms.

They kept the hound tied, and watched it through the business of making a sketchy camp, for it tried to gnaw through the rope whenever they took their eyes off it.

"Confound the dog!" George said, kept awake by its whining. "It can't hold out long with this kind of carryin' on, and even if it does we can't run the horses days like we done to-day."

He sat up and poked the fire, bringing it to fitful flames. The lonely night seemed full of wild and eerie wails. George swore beneath his breath, and Eric, thinking of what it would be like if George wasn't there, turned his face away from the moon and didn't reply.

They were up with the earliest light. Before noon they were in rough country.

Please turn to page 20

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"In which we Serve"

Each of us has his own small part to play in the pattern of ultimate victory. Ours is to maintain production of clothing and equipment for those in the Services and to help supply as much as possible of the essential needs of all you gallant out-of-uniform war workers.

We are ever mindful of this capacity "in which we serve".

EVERLOC (REGD) created by LUCAS

In clean cut stripes, serviceable, practical and long wearing.

SHARKTEX REGD created by LUCAS

Crisply tailored in clear colours that wash without a worry.

floraloc REGD created by LUCAS

For the present not available but yours again when victory comes.

Spectator sportswear

CREATED BY LUCAS

What! No Spectators. It's not your favourite store's fault. We're doing our best to maintain supplies but war takes its toll of the choicest products and your Spectator, that's already been on active service for a season or two, may still have to see you through another. Though supplies are drastically restricted, the quality remains unchanged.

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LADY IN HAZARD

A nightmare journey through darkness and storm, and a startling new surprise

SHEILA HEYDON and KEN CUNNINGHAM discover that Red Shutters holiday guest-house is a centre of Fifth Columnist activity, involved in the escape of the dangerous German internee, OTTO VON GRAUPNER.

Also connected with his escape is the disappearance of Sheila's sister, MARGARET, a former employee of von Graupner's, who was coming to meet Sheila at Red Shutters, but sent a telegram saying that she had been delayed. Ken and Sheila find out that she had actually fallen in with von Graupner and had been at Red Shutters, while old JOE, the odd-job man who had seen her there, is mysteriously killed.

Searching the house at night, Ken sees von Graupner hidden under a room occupied by MR. FALWAY, another of the guests. He thinks that FIELDING, the proprietor; MRS. SHASTERS, the housekeeper; and Falway and his lovely niece, LORICE, are all in league with von Graupner, and tells Sheila that she and he must go at once to the nearest house to notify the police of his discovery.

Now read on—

FOR the moment Sheila seemed completely taken aback.

What about the telegram Margaret sent me?" she began lamely. "Why—"

"Oh, good lord . . . The telegram. I take it, was sent on the way here. Hard to say why. Margaret might have thought she wouldn't have the nerve to meet you calmly, with that behind her. Or she might have been frightened that between Benton and here someone might spot von Graupner in her car and report number and direction. It wouldn't be easy to hide a big chap like that in a small car, and she probably felt she had better arrange to drop him and be off.

"She'd take it for granted the wire would reach you that night."

"And if she turns up and I'm gone?"

"Not likely to without phoning."

"But the man's still an alien and a murderer, and she helped him. She's incriminated in all this.

"No, she isn't incriminated!" cried Cunningham. "And don't forget von Graupner wasn't a murderer when she helped him. She probably didn't even know he'd attacked anyone. But she's let out on these people's own testimony. You must see that. She's never been here! They say so. And there's a telegram to prove it. She only has to keep her mouth shut."

"If they say one thing they can say another," said Sheila.

"Listen, if their futures depended on it they couldn't have kept Margaret out of it more thoroughly. One man might have been prepared to say he saw her—and he's dead. Why, after the job they've done, Margaret will scarcely be able to prove she exists."

You told a good tale, thought Cunningham, waiting in his room. And for all you know it might be true. Margaret might have come and gone, unharmed, and be waiting somewhere for an opportunity to communicate with her sister.

He recrossed the passage quietly. Sheila was ready, wearing a raincoat, and her strongest shoes, and with all the money she had with her. She flicked off the light and crept downstairs with him.

"Which way?" she asked.

"Front door, if we can. But the place seems unnaturally alive tonight. No one seems to want to settle down. I think the button business upset certain people more than they showed. Wait here while I have a look."

He left her at the foot of the stairs and walked quietly along to the vestibule. In a moment he was back, shaking his head. "No go. That cursed Shasters woman is in the office. We could hardly make out we're going for a midnight stroll on a night like this. We'll try the back. It's quite dark. They're probably over in their own building."

They moved softly across the kitchen towards the door, which opened on to a small shrubbery.

"Thank heaven for Shasters' torch," whispered Cunningham, sending a momentary beam before him. The light slipped from chair to table, hovered on shelves of china and cooking utensils, skimmed over a huge black range, shining with stove polish. Suddenly Cunningham uttered a low exclamation and snipped the light off.

"What is it?" she whispered. "Battery flat?"

"No." His murmur was so low it just reached her ears through the blackness. "There's someone coming. I think it will be Fielding. Hurry. Through the back door. We can't get back. Play for time, Sheila."

Even as he spoke the light flashed up. Fielding stood just inside the back door, a vast bulk in heavy dressing-gown and pyjamas of bizarre stripe, his ponderous feet thrust into red slippers, a pipe in one hand. Cunningham had vanished.

For a moment Sheila and Fielding stared at each other without speaking.

Until that moment she had known no fear, merely a sense of blind fatality which told her that she was in Cunningham's hands and that they would not let go. But now she stood, apparently alone in the centre of that huge kitchen, and she felt horror tighten on her throat, squeeze her pounding heart until it seemed it could beat no more.

The big man was overcome with such obvious amazement that he could not utter a sound. His head thrust forward on his bull neck. His jaw, with its pendant collection of chins, dropped slightly, leaving him with the expression of some moon-faced fish gaping open-mouthed through the glass of an aquarium tank.

Then his eyebrows rose sharply. His mouth shut like a trap, his eyes narrowed and hardened. Involuntarily Sheila backed away a pace or two until she was brought up by a cupboard behind her.

For the first time in her life she was afraid of a human being. There, advancing slowly towards her with the light tread of the very stout, was a Fielding she did not know, that she had not realised could exist. Gone was the host with the round, red face, genial and easy-going; in its place looked this new and terrifying figure, the *more* frightening that it was built on such jovial lines.

She choked back a cry for Cunningham. But it was one thing to stifle a cry; another to conceal her terror. Her legs felt soft, almost fluid; it was only by leaning back against the cupboard that she saved herself from falling.

"What's the idea?" Fielding's demand was peremptory. "What are you doing in here?"

She heard her voice, faint and tremulous as though it belonged to someone at the other end of an immeasurably long telephone line. "I needed something."

"Needed—I don't care for women guests to wander about the house late at night, Miss Heydon."

Her hand tightened on the handle of a drawer. "I'm not harming your kitchen, Mr. Fielding."

"Why are you dressed to go out?"

"I like dressing up."

Words were coming more easily now. The noise in her ears had quietened. She felt like an actress who, panic-stricken as the curtains rise, steadies down as the play gathers momentum.

"Please stop talking nonsense, Miss Heydon."

"Please stop talking to me at all," she replied quickly. "What do you imagine I am — one of your servants? You'd be afraid to speak to a servant like that."

"Play for time," Ken had said. "I won't move from here until I have an apology for this," she rapped out. "How dare you speak to me as you have!"

How cool she was growing. Perhaps it was true that almost anyone could act if they were forced to it. "Your manner's outrageous. I wonder you have a guest in the house if this is——"

"Now look, young woman, this is very clever, but it doesn't——"

Sheila's face was set in a mask of righteous indignation. It did not change by a shade of expression as she saw the far door of the kitchen, which had swung back when Fielding entered, slowly close again. Cunningham was moving silently from behind it. As Fielding stood now his back was square towards the younger man, who carried a weapon in his left hand. He moved the other hand in a gesture which at once entreated silence and telegraphed a message of courage.

Their glances crossed; he frowned a warning. She tried to turn her eyes away in case she betrayed them both, but it was impossible.

In three swift and silent strides, Cunningham had crossed the space between his hiding place and the unwary Fielding. He raised the object he carried and, with something of the cautious deliberation of the golfer playing a ball from a hazard, brought it down on the big man's head.

Sheila heard a sound that reminded her vaguely of a football being punted, and as in a dream, saw Fielding sinking heavily towards the floor. Involuntarily she closed her eyes and clenched her teeth. An instant later there came the crash of a heavy body to the floor, a crash that rattled the china on the shelves behind her and shook the boards beneath her feet.

She opened her eyes. Fielding had fallen forward on his knees, his head touching the floor, his hands stretched out before him. In that attitude, and dressed in that fashion, he looked like a Moslem in the attitude of prayer. Cunningham stood over him, ready to strike again if he moved. If she had seen a new Fielding a moment before, now she saw a different Cunningham. His face was a bronze cast of cold rage. She flung up a hand before her face.

"Oh, don't, don't . . . it's horrible."

"Look the other way if you don't like it."

But there was no need for her appeal. Fielding rolled over sideways.

"I thought you were going to kill him."

"I would have, too. I have an account to settle with some swine like him, and he might as well have collected."

He laid the weapon on the table. The towel he had taken from behind the kitchen door fell from it, and she saw that there was a bottle beneath.

"I wonder if he's got anything more useful on him?" He ran a hand over the pocket of Fielding's dressing-gown. "Nothing. Well, he'll have a headache in the morning, for more than one reason. Let's get going, in case something else crops up."

They let themselves out into a night which howled around them and slapped their faces with wet, freezing hands.

"Hang on to me," said Cunningham. "First thing is to make the road. I don't want to show a light. You don't know who's watching."

She started to run, but he restrained her. "Take it steadily. No use knocking yourself out in the first half-mile."

They moved cautiously through the shrubbery at the side of the house, through the little garden where Sheila had spoken to Fielding and Joe Danvers on that sunny morning that now seemed so far away in time, stumbling at length out on to the driveway leading to the main gates. Glancing back over her shoulder, Sheila could see nothing at all of the building they had just left. She felt blind and helpless.

"It's all right," said Cunningham, his voice blowing away on the gale. "I'm a cat in the dark. Hang on tight. I think we're on the road. We'll try the searchlight."

The thin ray of the tiny torch drove a tunnel of light through the roaring darkness. The rain hurtled down at a steep angle, slashing her face.

Cunningham switched off the torch. "Don't know how the battery is," he told her, shouting to make himself heard above the noise of the gale. "We may need it later. How are you going, Sheila?"

"Oh, well!" she gasped.

He gave a wry grin as he squeezed her arm.

"Can we find the place?" she asked.

"Can't miss it. But don't waste breath talking. You'll need it all."

"But how soon will they come after us?"

"Depends. If Fielding lies there until someone finds him in the morning they'll know it's too late. If he comes round sooner, or Mrs. Shasters looks in, they'll be thinking of something immediate, you can bet your life on that. But don't talk!"

No dream journey Sheila Heydon had ever attempted on the leaden feet of nightmare equalled that desperate push through darkness and storm. It was not long before she realised how wise Cunningham had been when he told her to save her breath. Soon she had barely enough to keep herself moving, and that she had to drag into her tight and burning lungs by sheer force of will.

For a time she hardly knew whether they were struggling up hill or down, but long before the first hour ended the road seemed to have become one long and slippery ascent whose top they were never to reach.

Sometimes her feet seemed to slip backwards with every step she took, but always the inexorable grip of Cunningham dragged her on. The wind, blowing straight in their faces all the way, was increasing in violence. As they staggered to the top of each rise it seemed to pounce upon them, howling furiously, intent on flinging them back into the hollow from which they had laboriously climbed.

How Cunningham was faring she did not know, nor did she dare to ask, and soon she ceased to wonder. At intervals, growing briefer, although neither of them noticed it, he half turned his head away from the gale and looked at his watch.

Fear assailed her. Incredible to think that they had not covered five miles in all this time. Cunningham must have lost his bearings. They had passed the place. They would go on and on, slower and more slowly, into the storm. . . . She pulled his arm furiously, and forced her anxiety into words, but he only shouted angrily, "Come on, for heaven's sake!"

Please turn to page 14

By Carolyn Ogden

As in a dream, Sheila saw Fielding sinking heavily towards the floor.

Skin Sores?
Cause Killed in 3 Days

The very first application of Nixoderm begins to clear away skin sores. Use Nixoderm to-night, and you will soon see your skin becoming soft, smooth, and clear. Nixoderm is a new discovery that kills germs and parasites on the skin that cause Skin Sores, Pimples, Boils, Red Blotches, Eczema, Ringworm, and Eruptions. You can't get rid of your skin troubles until you remove the germs that hide in the tiny pores of your skin. So get Nixoderm from your chemist to-day under positive guarantee that Nixoderm will banish skin sores, clear your skin soft and smooth, or money back on return of empty package.

NIXODERM 2/- & 4/-

For Skin Sores, Pimples, and Itch.

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Chocolate laxative squares, are gentle in action. LAXETTES are especially suited to the needs of children and nursing mothers. LAXETTES have no underlying taste of medicine.

LAXETTES can be given at any time children require a laxative, just before going to bed is most suitable.
Made by the LAXETTE Manufacturing Company. Standard Tin, 18 Laxettes, 1/7d. Trial Tin, 6d.

I.S.1

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FASHION THROUGH THE AGES

Richly did the 14th Century deserve the title of "Decorated" period. Men's dress showed the influence of Heraldry, Ladies' garments were ornate and tight-fitting surcoats served to accentuate the figure. Naturally, in such a colourful age, there was a higher regard for the dyer—once a wretched slave—who now bore as Chaucer says, "the livery of a great and serious brotherhood." Today there is no trade more honourable, none more closely allied with scientific achievement. The new I.C.I. dyestuffs laboratories—the largest in the Empire—show how the fortunes of research chemist and dyer are inextricably linked.

Science and Chemistry are combining to make living more pleasant and secure. The homes we live in, the motor cars we drive, and the clothes we wear are made possible by Chemistry. The ravishing beauty of Venus and the charm of Cleopatra would be even more enhanced if they lived today. Imagine their fascinated delight with the riot of colour and the wealth of new fibres and finishes that we accept as a matter of course today. Colour is truly the magic wand in the hands of the modern Chemist. With colour he gilds the lily of his own amazing creations in the sphere of plastics, new fibres and finishes. The reds and golds of the Empire, the blues and buff of Colonial days, the mellowness of old ivory . . . all these glorious colour harmonies can now transform the appearance of anything from an egg-cup to a shimmering evening-gown!

And what of the intriguing new plastics and fibres themselves? Typical of the intensely practical synthetics is *nylon* an ideal material for dress fabrics and stockings with quick-drying properties hitherto unheard of. Out of the Chemist's laboratory, too, has come the incredible substance known as *"Perspex,"* half the weight of glass and even more transparent! Then *Acrylic resins,* the new base for modern dentures in natural colours . . . *Vinyl resins,* another important addition to the range of modern plastics . . . and products for finishing such as *"Velan"* for rendering fabrics water-repellant and resistant to stains.

And so the long upward climb of Science goes on . . . in the laboratory of the Organic Chemist . . . where the bright new world of the future is in the test tube of today.

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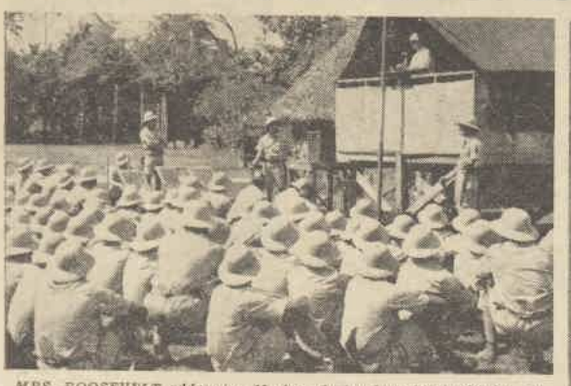
MEETING MRS. ROOSEVELT—"You feel you have known her for years"



MRS. ROOSEVELT addressing Marines during her stop in Samoa, en route to New Zealand.

Famous visitor's warm sympathy for women's wartime problems

Cabled by MARJORIE WINGFIELD, our special representative in New Zealand

"My visits to New Zealand and Australia are links in a chain of friendship which began long ago when I spent three years at school in England," said Eleanor Roosevelt in an interview. Traces of those three childhood years are still to be heard in her accent.

When we first met, her hair, silver and pewter-streaked, was damp and showed comb marks made by the girl hairdresser who gave her a shampoo and set almost as soon as she arrived.

AMERICA'S First Lady does her hair swept up high at the sides, showing her ears.

Her eyes are blue, with a smoky tinge, exactly matching the uniform of the American Red Cross which she is wearing throughout her tour.

"I brought only two cases and my typewriter," she said.

Her typewriter goes with her everywhere.

Most women feel lost without a handbag, and Mrs. Roosevelt keeps her bag of bulging black patent leather in her hands wherever she goes.

Her hands are very expressive; slim, small-boned, and tinted with fading sunburn.

Her hands and face show up attractively against the white roll-collared blouse of her uniform.

Her ankles are slim, even in beige lisle stockings, and she sits with them crossed as she talks.

Her nails shine with colorless nail varnish, and the only ring she wears is her wedding ring.

Mrs. Roosevelt came to this part of the world to see her countrymen, and to meet as many Australian and New Zealand women as possible to find out what they are doing for the war.

Visited clubs

I WAS one of her busy party when she visited entertainment clubs in Wellington.

Here she met New Zealand girls and American women who have entertained Allied servicemen ever since the Americans arrived. "Everywhere I go," she told us, "I find New Zealand women helping American women.

"I asked your girls if our boys had taught them the American way of dancing, but they said, 'No, we have taught them our way.'"

At a club where she was entertained at tea her chief hostess was so dithered that she upset a cup of tea over herself.

A moment later the performance was repeated by the American Naval Attache amid laughter.

On Mrs. Roosevelt's arrival a little girl thrust forward a slightly battered posy of red primroses, which Mrs. Roosevelt pinned to her lapel and wore for the rest of the afternoon.

Missed her son James

MRS. ROOSEVELT missed meeting her eldest son during her Pacific visit.

"My son James, who has urged me several times to come to the South Pacific, was taken sick two months ago and sent back to the United States," she said.

"He made a quick recovery and is now in the Aleutians while I am away down here. So much for all the plans we had made to meet in the Pacific area."

I knew at once Australian women would love America's First Lady. She is not merely gracious and friendly—she is a really warm-hearted, vital, alive person, with an amazing knack of making all who meet her feel they have known her for years.

As I shook her hand, which is firm, but very soft, I felt that here was a woman with a real, sincere purpose, one of the truly great personalities who have come our way.

Yet in a twinkling she had made herself at home with us and one of us.

A friend whispered to me as we watched Mrs. Roosevelt chatting with servicemen: "What a nice person she would be to have to stay in one's home; she would turn to and help wash up as quick as look at you."

We all felt that way about Mrs. Roosevelt. Australian women will share our feeling.

Although Mrs. Roosevelt talks authoritatively, and with wide knowledge on world affairs, her voice softens and she is all wife and mother when she discusses women's war problems.

"In Britain I saw the grand job women and girls were doing—girls in their teens, and mothers of families," she said.

"Some of a double load of home and factory is taken off the shoulders of the mother-workers by voluntary organisations which help to care for young children.

"All over Britain every schoolchild is given a hot meal at noon. I wish that were so in my country.

"It is our task to make our own people in the United States really understand what war means.

"More and more they are beginning to understand that, and I think my visit to Britain helped.

"It is hard to realise—I know I did not realise before I went to Britain—just what it means to have bombs on your own home, to come home at night and perhaps find you have not got a home.

"Women of America generally are beginning to understand what they have been spared, and are concentrating more and more on winning the war. They feel that is the first job.

"If you ask me for the opinion of our women on the proposal for a war guilt commission, I can only say I don't think they have one. They have not thought of that yet.

"There is so much to do.

Post-war duty

"WOMEN in the United States are winning greater economic equality with men through their war work, but you must remember the United States is a big country, and in some parts equality is coming rather slowly.

"I do hope that, after the war, women will realise that their contribution, while it can be as great as that of men, must be different. Women must find their place.

"It can be a place of enormous importance in building peace and security.

"The political candidate of the future must answer to women. He must tell them what he can do for social security, for that problem is closest to every woman.

"Some women in the post-war world will go back to their homes. Some will want to go on with their industrial jobs.

"The problem will be how to cater for such women. If they are to be catered for, our economies will require adjusting."

Though Mrs. Roosevelt's arrival took us all by surprise here, well-wishers were quickly on the job by mail and telephone. "Friends have sent letters in shoals, telegrams, and flowers," she told me. "I will send them each a message of sincere thanks when I return home."

MRS. ROOSEVELT greeted by native children at an island in the South Pacific on her way to Australia. She is wearing the smoke-blue uniform of the American Red Cross.

WITH HER THREE WAR CHILDREN "adopted" under the American Foster Parents Plan. They are Janina Dybowska, 17-year-old Polish girl; Kerman Iriondo Garate, Spanish boy of 14; and Tommy Maloney, 5, East End boy. Picture from Mrs. Roosevelt's English tour.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4722174

Editorial

SEPTEMBER 11, 1943

FIFTH YEAR OF WAR

AS the people of the United Nations squared their shoulders for the fifth year of war, the voice of Churchill rang round the world with a sober but heartening review of what had been achieved in the past four terrible years and what will be achieved in the future.

This time he spoke from Quebec only a night or two before the fourth anniversary of that unforgettable Sunday when the war began.

The occasion raised ghosts. Behind that vibrant battle voice memory heard another—the voice of Chamberlain, heavy with weariness and disillusion, saying "a state of war exists . . ."

Other voices from the past—Churchill rallying the nation in the darkest hour, "We are fighting **by** ourselves alone; but we are not fighting **for** ourselves alone."

Queen Elizabeth's voice speaking to the women of France . . . President Roosevelt's promise: "The British need ships, we shall send them ships; they need tanks, we shall send them tanks . . ."

The anonymous voices of radio announcers telling of the fall of Hongkong, of Singapore . . .

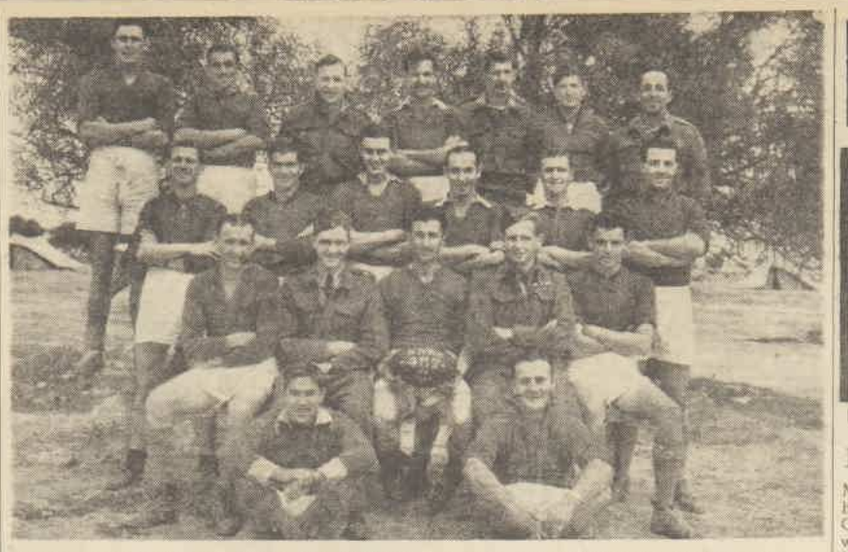
Churchill's voice laid these ghosts.

The man who told Britain in her hour of danger that he had nothing to offer but "blood, toil, tears and sweat" now offered for the fifth year a programme of action for victory.

In those days he was backed by little more than Britain's will to avert defeat. To-day behind his words are colossal armed forces, powerful allies and military victories.

The fifth year can be faced with confidence.

—THE EDITOR.



R.A.A.F. RUGBY TEAM in Middle East. Back row, L. to R.: R. J. Brown, W. Crozier, J. Fisher, G. Cargeeg, J. Connell, B. Norriss, N. Teasdale. Second row: E. Avery, N. Greenup, R. Argue, F. Bazendale, J. Collins, E. Edmonds. Third row: I. Garden, Flt.-Lieut. Campbell, G. W. Carver (capt.), Wing-Cmdr. Warner (C.O.), H. Freeman. Front row: T. Gilbert, J. B. Kelly (vice-capt.).

German plane bombs and strafes jeep in desert chase

Only vehicle on a stretch of moonlit desert road, a jeep containing two Australian airmen was bombed and strafed by a German plane.

P/O. C. J. Shaw, R.A.A.F., describes the experience in a letter to his mother in Willoughby, N.S.W.

"SOME gear had to be brought back from a forward drome to our rear drome," he writes.

"I grabbed a jeep, and took a lad with me for company and as an extra pair of eyes, so to speak.

"It was an eight-hour drive there and back, and, thank goodness, the moon was up to enable me to see the road.

"We found the forward drome about 10.30 p.m., and after getting the gear I headed back for our rear drome.

"Jerry had just started to drop plenty of flares and bombs, but they were a fair way off. But, as it happened, Jerry was going our way. As we were racing down the road we saw six flares drop about half a mile ahead, so decided to pull off and wait.

"The bombs came soon afterwards, and as soon as the flares died out we started off again.

"Suddenly another bunch of flares was dropped 500 yards ahead of us, so I stopped the jeep and lay flat on the ground, and soon Jerry dropped another issue of bombs.

"We thought that would be the issue, so as soon as the flares died out we off again for the lick of our lives.

"We could not hear the sound of the aircraft over the roar of the jeep's engine, because we were averaging between 60 and 80 m.p.h.

"We wanted to get off the main road as soon as we could, and head inland to our drome. As we were racing along we heard an explosion, and ourselves and the jeep were lit up as bright as day.

"Two more flares had been dropped right above us. I stalled the jeep, and we flew out of it and lay on the side of the road.

"It seemed years as Reg and I lay there waiting for the bombs to scream down, as we knew for certain they would, and they did.

"Thank goodness they fell on the opposite side of the road to which we were lying. There were twelve bombs altogether, and the dirt and stones and shrapnel fell all around us, and some small pieces of shrapnel on my hands, which were protecting my head.

"As the dust cleared the flare was still sinking to the earth and we were longing for it to go out. Finally it hit the earth and spluttered out about six yards away.

"We jumped into the jeep and went like a streak out of hell down the road. I was thinking how lucky I had been and that that was the finish of Jerry.

"For some unknown reason I looked back over my shoulder and then yelled to Reg to go to earth as I brought the jeep to a violent stop and leapt to the ground and lay flat.

"When I looked back over my shoulder I could see streams of green and white lights lacing from the sky to the ground, and I realised that it was Jerry at it again.

"This time he was strafing the road. I reckoned our number was up this time.

"As he passed overhead the bullets hit the earth all around us, and the dirt was kicking into my face, the bullets were so close.

"He passed overhead and down the road, but we lay still, and he swept back again and the bullets just missed me by inches.

"Overhead he went again, and up the road again and then down again, and the bullets were cutting up the ground all around Reg and me.

"We knew he was after us because we were the only ones on that section of the road.

"He finally went off out towards the coast, and we just looked at each other and dived into the jeep."

LETTERS FROM OUR BOYS

Conducted by Adele Shelton Smith

THE letters you receive from your menfolk in the fighting Services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen. For each letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1. For briefer extracts 5/- is paid.

Flt.-Sgt. Greg Miller, D.F.M., to Miss Arley Kavanagh, 117a Gilbert St., Adelaide, S.A.:

"ON the Le Creusot raid we flew at 0 feet above the sea, and then at roof-top height across France for 300 miles to our targets.

"In the lovely afternoon sunshine everything looked so peaceful, and the French people waved, and some ran for shelter. Others were too surprised to do anything but stand and gape.

"We were so low we could read the station names on several platforms.

"Cattle and sheep scattered in all directions, and the peasants all seemed to be ploughing with oxen.

"That day I think I only saw one motor-car—a little blue sedan.

"There was no sign of German soldiers, guns, or fighters. We were ready for them, but they were non-existent.

"The best sight of all was this great formation of heavy bombers all around us—over 100—sweeping in from the sea, and over the sand dunes along the coast.

"We climbed as we neared the target, and then my plane, right at the crucial moment, failed us.

"The hydraulic system went west, and we couldn't open the bomb-doors.

"So we had to bring our beautiful 1000lb. bombs home. That is the only failure we have had, but, believe me, those factories sure got hell."

Interesting People

LORD LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN

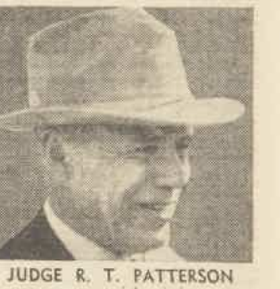
. . . South-East Asia

FORTY-THREE-YEAR-OLD Vice-Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten, cousin of the King, has been appointed Allied Supreme Commander in South-East Asia, with British, American, Australian, Indian, and Dutch forces in his command. "Dickie has the Nelson touch," is verdict of all who know the brilliant work of this famous leader of commandos.

MISS VIRGINIA HOBAN

. . . Red Cross in New Guinea.

RED CROSS hospital visitor recently posted to New Guinea is Miss Virginia Hoban, of Melbourne. For past four years has been full-time officer to social service department, Victorian Red Cross.



JUDGE R. T. PATTERSON

. . . special mission

UNITED STATES Under-Secretary for War, Judge Robert T. Patterson heads group of American wartime leaders visiting Australia on special military mission to Pacific war zone.

OUR COVER

● ***The young people revelling in Joy Toys on our cover this week are Robin Bills, Willoughby, and John Fisher, Lindfield. A natural color study by our staff photographer, Robert Cleland.***

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . *By Wep*

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4722175

NORMA BEATTIE, who sings in Jack Lumsdaine's session, "Learn a Tune," from 2GB every Monday to Thursday, at 5.45 p.m.

Tales based on real life

New 2GB feature

A new daytime radio feature is "Doc Sellers' True Stories," a series of quarter-hour tales based on real life, broadcast every Monday at 10 a.m. from 2GB.

MOST radio listeners are too sophisticated these days to accept the title, "True Stories," as meaning that each incident is reported exactly as it happened.

It is intended to convey that the story is true to life, and it deals with actual experiences that have happened to various people.

The role of narrator, Doc Sellers, is handled by Bill Adams, American film personality, who played in "March of Time" and "Cavalcade."

There is no definite number of episodes to a story, but the majority cover five episodes.

The cast includes American film personalities Van Heflin, Wilmer Walter, Rita Allyn, Paul Stewart, Ned Wever, Joan Banks, Charles Cantor, Clayton Collyer, and Ed Jerome, all actors of wide experience and standing.

The stories are based on material written, not by authors, but by the people involved.

Some of the titles are: "My Problem Family," "Luxury Wife," "The Man I Wouldn't Give Up," "What Should a Girl Do?", "My Mysterious Lover," "After My Divorce," "Strange Jealousy," "I Was a Show-off Wife," "We Were So Very Young," "In Memory of My Mother," "My Daughter Was My Rival."

To listeners who enjoy stories of family appeal which ring true, Doc Sellers' offerings will be just the entertainment they are looking for.

Dramatisation and production are excellent throughout the series, and scripts and direction are by William Sweets, well known in radio circles as the author of "Court of Human Relations," "True Detective Stories," "Aunt Jenny's Life Stories," and "The Shadow."

First of the series is "My Problem Family."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

EVERY DAY FROM 4.30 TO 5 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, September 8: Reg. Edwards' Gardening Talk.
THURSDAY, September 9 (from 4.30 to 4.45): Goodie Reeve presents "All Those in Favor."
FRIDAY, September 10: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in Gems of Melody.
SATURDAY, September 11: Goodie Reeve presents Radio competition, "Melody Foursome."
SUNDAY, September 12 (4.15 to 5.0): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."
MONDAY, September 13: Goodie Reeve's "Letters From Our Boys."
TUESDAY, September 14: Musical Alphabet.

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, are trying to clear
PRINCESS NARDA: Of Cockaigne, and Teller Smith, both accused of theft. Real thief is Grando, ex-assistant to Mandrake, who hypnotises his victims. Smith's son, Danny, told Mandrake that Smith left in car with strange man (Grando). Mandrake gets police chief to examine all taxi trip-cards and so finds driver. They race to hide-out of Grando, who is planning to kill Narda and Smith, disguising it as murder and suicide.
NOW READ ON:

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4722176

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT—things she has said . . .

MRS. ELEANOR ROOSEVELT, wife of the President of U.S.A.

A GREAT TRAVELLER. Mrs. Roosevelt leaving a plane on one of her many tours. She travels some 30,000 miles annually by air.

ENJOYING A JOKE. This happy snapshot shows the First Lady of America with James, eldest of her four sons, now a Lieutenant-Colonel with U.S. Forces.

As First Lady, wife, mother, she speaks from a rich experience

World famous as traveller, speaker, writer, Eleanor Roosevelt, now visiting Australia, has given readers and hearers many pieces of homely wisdom born of deep experience.

Her life has been unusually rich in human contacts, and her real genius lies in her quick, sympathetic understanding of common human problems.

HERE are some of her sayings, which reveal this rare and lovable quality.

Of Post-war World

POST-WAR reconstruction may mean the surrender of part of the well-being of some people for a period, in order that others may have a share of better conditions.

This challenge will have to be accepted in the way that the challenge to sacrifices of war had been accepted.

* * *

Of Happiness and Sorrow

IT is a curious thing in human experience, but to live through a period of stress and sorrow with other human beings creates a bond which nothing seems able to break. People can be happy together and look back on their contacts very pleasantly, but such contacts will not make the same kind of bond that sorrow lived through together will create.

Happiness will not lead you to feel that your presence is always welcome should an emergency arise, but a period of stress lived through together will give you this assurance.

In all our contacts it is probably the sense of being really needed and wanted which gives us the greatest satisfaction and creates the most lasting bond.

* * *

Of Freedom and Character

IN my young days you never allowed a man to give you a present except flowers or candy or possibly a book. To receive a piece of jewellery from a man to whom you were not engaged was a sign of being a fast woman, and the idea that you would permit any man to kiss you before you were engaged to him never even crossed my mind.

All these restrictions seem foolish nowadays, but I wonder if the girls weren't safer. It requires more character to be as free as youth is to-day.

* * *

Of Public Women

WOMEN who want to lead must stand up and be shot at. More and more they are going to do it, and more and more they should do it.

Women should not run for office on the basis of their sex, but because they are capable.

* * *

Of Youth

I WAS for many years a sounding-board for the teachings and influences of my immediate surroundings. The ability to think for myself did not develop until I was well on in life and, therefore, no real personality developed in my early youth.

This will not be so of young people of to-day. They must become individuals responsible for themselves at a much earlier age because of the conditions in which they find themselves in their everyday lives.

* * *

Of Public Opinion

AFTER the last war people were unprepared to think on international affairs, whereas to-day people are more aware of what effect international affairs will have on their own lives.

IN BLITZED ENGLAND Mrs. Roosevelt saw the bombed areas. Here, with Lady Reading, head of the Women's Voluntary Services, she is having refreshment cooked on a blitz store.

Of Social Rank

IT always amuses me when any group of people take it for granted that because they have been privileged for a generation or two they are set apart in any way from the man or woman who is working in order to keep the wolf from the door.

It is only luck and a little veneer temporarily on the surface, and before very long the wheels may turn and one and all must fall back on whatever basic "quality" they have.

* * *

The only difference between Royalty and other guests is that Royalty takes up more space.

* * *

Of Tranquillity

THE more the world speeds up, the more it seems necessary that we should learn to pick out of the past the things that we feel were important and beautiful then. One of these things was a quality of tranquillity in people which you rarely meet to-day.

Perhaps one must have certain periods of life lived in more or less tranquil surroundings in order to attain that particular quality.

I read not long ago in David Grayson's "The Countryman's Year" these words: "Back of tranquillity lies always conquered unhappiness." That may be so, but perhaps these grandparents of ours found it a little easier to conquer unhappiness because their lives were not lived at high tension so constantly.

All of us must conquer some unhappiness in our lives. Why not try occasionally what a little dose of quiet nature with a day in and day out routine of necessary ordinary things to do, close to the realities of life, will do for us?

* * *

Of Homemaking

NOW comes the time when household employment had better go back to being a profession, because if we are going to have satisfactory households we are going to look upon the work in the home as quite as respectable as any work done in a factory, office, or store, but to do it we have got to make it, on the part of the employer as well as the employee, a professional job.

Of Dreams

TO me, who dreamed so much as a child, who made a dream world in which I was the heroine of an unending story, the lives of the people around me have continued to have a certain story-book quality.

* * *

Of Remembrance

WITH my father, who died when I was a child, I have a curious feeling that as long as he remains to me the vivid living person that he is, he will, after the manner of people in the "Blue Bird," be alive and continue to exert his influence, which was always a very gentle, kindly one.

* * *

I can't cross a picket line—fair or unfair.

* * *

Of Acquiring Property

HUMAN rights are more important than property rights. In the future, will what we are, what we can appreciate, and what we can enjoy matter for us, or will the emphasis be on what we have and what we can acquire?

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4722177

BEFORE SCHOOL DAYS ABROAD, Eleanor, with her two brothers, Elliott and Hall, and their father, Elliott Roosevelt. Her father died when she was nine years old, 18 months after the death of her mother and brother Elliott.

WHEN aged six, with Elliott, elder of her brothers.

CAPTAIN, THE PONY, was the delight of Eleanor's childhood. It was a gift from her adored father, who wanted her to be a good horsewoman.

Eleanor Roosevelt's FAMILY ALBUM

DRESSED FOR HER WEDDING on March 17, 1905. The dog-collar of pearls was the gift of her mother-in-law. She wore her maternal grandmother's veil.

AT NINETEEN, Eleanor became engaged to her fifth cousin once removed, Franklin Roosevelt.

ON THEIR HONEYMOON. They had to wait for Franklin to finish law school before going abroad for a long tour.

FIRST BABY in their family was a daughter, who was named Anna Eleanor after her mother and grandmother.

THREE GENERATIONS of the Roosevelt family at their private home, Hyde Park, in 1916. Mrs. Roosevelt, Senior, Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt and their four sons and daughter.

AS A GRANDMOTHER. Mrs. Roosevelt with her grandson, John Roosevelt Boettiger, child of her daughter, Anna, one of her ten grandchildren.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4722178

Continuing . . . Lady In Hazard

from page 7

"THE thunder of the gale died to a moan. She heard his triumphant shout of "Made it!" Sheila opened her eyes, surprised to find that the lids were as tightly clenched as fists.

For a moment she could see nothing. Then the long ray of Cunningham's torch shot out, revealing an avenue of pines, with the dim shape of a house looming up faintly at the end. The blizzard howled over their heads, but the pines stood firm, their huge butts braced stoutly into the clay of the hillside, their laden branches scarcely moving.

Sodden pine needles many inches deep covered the avenue, but under the trees the carpet was dry and warm, and they could feel the needles crackling underfoot. The ray of the torch led them up to the house.

Sheila heard Cunningham say: "We'd better watch out for dogs," and thought vaguely that any sensible dog would stay snugly kennelled on such a night.

Clinging to him, she stumbled from the shelter of the last pine towards what the torchlight showed to be a verandah. Cunningham helped her up some steps, and she felt loose boards creaking beneath her sodden, ice-cold feet.

Then she heard the hollow sound of knocking, and dimly wondered what the people would think at being roused up at this hour by two exhausted, bedraggled wayfarers. Then Cunningham's voice, hoarse with dismay: "Sheila——"

"What's wrong?"

"The house—It's empty——"

"Empty!" Never had word sounded so forlorn. Sheila echoed it, incredulous, aghast, vainly seeking to evade its full significance. "You mean there's no one in?"

"I mean there's no one living here. No one at all. It's deserted. Look!"

He pushed the door. Cracked and painless, without lock or handle, it swung inwards on creaking hinges at a touch. They were assailed by the smell of dampness and decay. The ray from the torch lost itself down a long passage, floored with bare, dusty boards. Paper hung from the walls in ragged strips.

Sheila, her vision of shelter and security dispelled, uttered an involuntary cry of dismay.

"I'm sorry," muttered Cunningham. "Desperately sorry. What a fool I was to drag you here!"

"It isn't your fault. How could you know? And this is all right. Far better than outside, and that was much better than Red Shutters."

"But what can we do . . ." For the moment he had lost his grip.

"Stay here, of course. We can't go any further to-night, even if we knew where to go. Neither of us could stagger another yard. Pull yourself together, partner."

"I'm thinking of you!"

"There's no need. What more do you want? It's shelter."

Her courage was a tonic. Cunningham's shoulders lost their droop. "You're fine, Sheila," he said gratefully. "One in a million. It's just that I hate to think I've let you down."

"You'd never let anyone down. Don't talk like a fool."

Dust rose as they walked down the passage. Their footfalls sent hollow reverberations through the empty rooms. Something scuttled ahead, stopped for a moment to stare at them with great luminous eyes, and vanished. Sheila clutched Cunningham's arm.

"What was that?"

"Only a possum. A friendly native. He won't hurt us." He flashed the light through an open door. "Let's go in here. There's a fireplace, anyhow. We'll need a fire."

She followed him in, too exhausted to care what happened. Nothing mattered but escape from the buffeting gale and blinding rain. She scarcely heard the wind that roared overhead, the wild lament of the pines, the mysterious creaking and rattling of doors and windows. The will-o'-the-wisp of torchlight danced about the room, lighting up a broken picture hanging drunkenly askew, fragments of torn linoleum, a heap of empty sacks, a fireplace deep in soot.

"What a place!"

"Snap out of it, Ken. It won't kill us."

He was not so sure of that. He did not tell her the thought that had leaped into his mind. That there in the empty house they were still cut off from the world, almost as completely as though they had been on an island. But not cut off from Red Shutters. With everything at stake, they would be out at the first streak of dawn, perhaps before. And they might come here.

"How will you light a fire?" she continued.

"There's always something to burn, if I have to smash up a door." He stripped off his sodden overcoat and hung it on the nail that held the picture. "Thank heaven for this torch. I only hope it sees us through. You're not afraid to wait here in the dark?"

She shook her head. "Isn't there anything I can do?"

"Not a thing. I won't be longer than I can help."

Conscious that she was standing in a pool of water, she took off her own coat and hung it over his. Darkness enveloped her. She closed her eyes as though to shut it out. Cunningham's footsteps receded into the distance, and then, after some time, she heard loud sounds of banging and crashing. When he returned he was dragging a kerosene case piled high with splintered deal.

"Here, wake up!" he said sharply. "Don't drift off to sleep, or you'll have pneumonia. Pass me some of those old newspapers."

She roused herself with an effort. Flames roared up the chimney with a heartening crackle as the kindling took fire. Burning fragments of soot fell down into the blaze. Warmth and light invaded the room.

"You'll set the chimney on fire," she said dreamily.

"It isn't our chimney," he retorted. "Squat down in front while I smash up a bit more of the house."

Perched on the box before the blaze, she peeled off her sodden stockings. Her shoes she had discarded before. Soon he returned with a double armful of miscellaneous fuel—the leg of a table, some lengths of shelving, the remnants of a chair, all sorts of unidentifiable fragments.

"How did you smash it all up?"

He showed her a heavy, flat, iron bar. "I found it on the kitchen stove. It's nearly as good as an axe. How are you feeling now?"

"Better than I look. A lot."

"Your looks needn't worry you."

"Just as well it's firelight."

"I like you in firelight." He thrust a hand into his pocket and pulled out a silver flask. The top, removed, was a tiny cup. "Old man Cunningham thinks of all the details. It's only the main principles he falls down on."

He smiled at the face she made as she gulped down the neat whisky.

He had a drink himself, and a little color returned to his grey face. He took off his coat, shoes and socks, and, dragging up some sacks, spread them before the fire, regardless of the grime. Whenever the blaze flagged he tossed on more fuel.

"It's getting hot," she said, with a sigh of relief. "I never thought I'd feel hot again."

"Very tired?"

"Not now. That drink pulled me together. I'm as mellow as a custard apple. I wish you looked better. If you're still brooding on this empty house, snap out of it. You've done everything for me, and I don't believe I've even said thank you."

"Wait till there's something to thank me for, and then don't," he told her gently. "My main concern is the morning."

"To-morrow is also a day," she told him peacefully. "Have another drink. You need it."

His voice was flat and tired again. She thought she had never seen anyone so weary. The dancing firelight showed up the dark rings under his eyes, the hollows of his cheeks, the lines of pain and care about his mouth. She felt a sudden concern for him which outweighed all other feelings.

"Ken," she asked anxiously, "Are you all right?"

"Perfectly," he answered, taking another drink. "A bit tired, but not in the least sleepy."

"I don't mean that. But you haven't told me anything about yourself, and I know you've been ill. There's nothing that to-night could hurt, is there?"

"I haven't anything serious, if that's what you're driving at. All this will probably do me good. It's stopped me from sitting about pitying myself, anyway. That's my special disease at present . . ."

His face darkened. He stared moodily at the fire, once more the young man she had met that first night at Red Shutters, that night that now seemed lost in the distant past.

"Ken . . ."

"I've always had the lone wolf philosophy. I was the tough guy who could look after himself, and be hanged to those who couldn't."

"You were tough enough when you crawled along that wall to Falway's window."

He shook his head. "No. That's just it. A few months ago that would have been nothing. To-night I was all out when I finished. How I got back I don't quite know. I did the job on my nerves, and when it was over I hadn't a thing left. Then I knew I really was through."

"Please tell me, Ken."

"I've never learned to tell anyone things like this. No one was ever interested. I've always consumed my own smoke, so they say. My troubles were my own. Other people could look after theirs."

"Yet you've been looking after mine. Why did you?"

"Um?" He gave her a long look. "Perhaps I didn't know how to get out of it."

"Tell me a story," she begged. "Where did you come from?"

"Where did I come from? An orphanage, I told you that."

"What are you?"

"I'm nothing now. I have to start all over again, and I don't know that I want to."

How can I make him want to, she wondered desperately. What is the line to take with him?

"I thought you were joking when you said you were brought up in an orphanage."

"I never joke on sacred subjects. And believe me, that orphanage was a sacred enough place if you could take the superintendent's word for it. All the same, I shouldn't have said anything about it. Bad taste. But the whole place seemed so beastly smug I felt like hurling a bombshell into it."

"Was it very terrible, your orphanage?"

"LORD, no. It wasn't a bad place as they go. Looking back, I often laugh. It seems funny to me now."

"When I was a small girl we lived near a big orphanage. I used to watch the children marching to church, two and two. You weren't one of them?"

"Me?" He laughed. "No. Ours was a small place near Sydney. A sort of private venture. A little racket, in fact. The superintendent—he looked like the pictures of Edward VII—made his living out of it. He had collectors getting the money in, but we didn't cost much to keep because he kept us working like beavers on the farm."

"Poor kids."

"Oh, he wasn't a bad sort, according to his lights. Don't imagine he belted us and flayed us like they did Gunga Din. When we did anything wrong, which wasn't often, because we didn't have time, he'd take us into his private room and talk about our immortal souls and give us slabs of the Bible to learn by heart. I suppose you wouldn't like me to recite the book of Exodus? I believe I could if you made a small bet.

"He gave us what he called a complete agricultural training. We milked cows, fed pigs, cleaned out stables and fowlhouses, weeded the vegetable garden. When a lad left he was ready to become a merry peasant. In between times we had lessons from a schoolmaster who looked a bit like an orphan himself, poor wretch.

"We went to church three times on Sundays and once during the week. I don't remember any other diversions."

"It must have been pretty terrible." Sheila looked back on her own happy childhood.

"We didn't know any better. That orphanage was no comedown for us—it was a rise in the world. But I don't think the place turned out many peasants, merry or otherwise. By the time we were free of it not many of us wanted to see a farm again. For years my worst nightmare was a row of cows to be milked, or a cabbage patch stretching to the horizon, with me on my knees starting in to weed it before morning school, or 'Wirewhiskers' showing a couple of old ladies round, hoping to get a donation out of them, and holding me up as Exhibit A—Orphan Boy, well-fed, well-mannered, and obedient."

"And what did you do after you left?"

"As soon as I could shake the manure from my boots, I went to sea."

"You ran away?"

"Nothing so heroic. I just went. 'Wirewhiskers' got me a nice job as farmer's boy at a place way out in the rabbit belt. I told him I'd rather be a sailor. It was all right with him. He didn't care. I was fourteen and master of my fate. Provided he saw me out of the place with a job, his responsibility ended.

"So he got me a job as pantry boy on a tramp out of Sydney, and we parted without tears on either side. Well, that's the story."

"Not all of it," she prompted.

"Almost."

"You're not a pantry boy now."

"No. I told you. I'm not anything now."

"Don't be foolish, Ken."

"I'm a retired master mariner. I'm on the beach. For good. Maybe I'll land a shore job as a clerk or some such thing. As a great concession, I might be allowed to run a ferry. But I'll always have my master's ticket to frame and hang on the wall. That'll be something, because it was a long and complicated process getting it."

He spoke without emotion, and she could think of nothing to say. She tried to realise what it meant to him. It was not hard to envisage the long climb up to the bridge, the backbreaking task of the lad who has to study in his spare time, without money, family or friends.

"And then——" she said.

"I got mixed up in a bit of a seafight," he replied, after a pause. "I was in Cadonia. We met a raider off Sumatra, just after the Japs started to get nasty. It was pretty quick. One minute I was on the bridge, the next I was in the drink. But I was lucky. The next shot would have finished me. It blew the forward superstructure to nothing. Someone pulled me into the boat. Eventually we were picked up."

"Eventually?"

"After a week or so," he said, casually. "I don't know whether it got into the paper. I was in hospital for months, and didn't read anything. When I pulled round again they told me the worst. It's the shoulder and left arm, principally. A lot of nerves and things go wrong, the doctors say. And a general knocking about."

His face darkened. "There's an idea I won't be any good at sea again. Like telling a man the horse he put a pound on had lost. But I put more than a pound on that horse. It was my job. I don't know any other. What use is a sailor ashore?"

"He might be a great deal of use!"

"At what?" he demanded. "When a man's thirty-one he doesn't feel like starting all over again. Do you see me as a clerk? A lighthouse-keeper? A harbormaster's assistant? Oh, let's forget it. Old sailors' stories are generally boring."

To be continued

Animal Antics

"Well, if it isn't Sarah Wiffleby! Do come in and rest your bones."

OF HUMAN INTEREST AND UNIVERSAL APPEAL!

"Doc. Sellers' True Stories"

"My Problem Family" . . . "Luxury Wife"
"The Man I Would Not Give Up"
"She Hated Her Mother"
"My Promise To Love"

Monday 10 a.m. 2GB

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As I Read the STARS

by JUNE MARSDEN

AN unspectacular week lies ahead for most people. Unless the individual horoscope says otherwise, good fortune will be slow in coming, even to those for whom the present is predominantly favorable, namely, Virgoans, Taurians, and Capricornians.

Nevertheless, those for whom the present is difficult, Geminians, Sagittarians, and Piscean, will find for the most part that their troubles are conquerable.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): September 8 (round dusk), September 9, and part of September 10 mildly difficult. September 7 (afternoon) fair. September 11 (after 6 p.m.) fair.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): September 9 poor round sunrise and sunset, but good after dusk. September 14 (to noon) helpful. Seek progress and changes, but avoid over-confidence and poor judgment.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Take no risks. Avoid changes, discord, delays, obstacles, especially on September 7, 8, 9, 12, 13, and 14. A week for caution, patience, and quiet living.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): September 14 (to forenoon) best part of week, but only for semi-important matters. Be cautious on September 7, 9, and 13. Routine best.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): A confusing week, so take things quietly. September 7 good in spots, chiefly between noon and 2 p.m. and near midnight. September 11 and 12 poor; September 13 poor.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Possibilities of advancement and desired things, but only modest ones. Hard work and wisdom necessary to achieve desired goals. September 7 very poor; September 8 poor; September 9 poor round sunrise and sunset, good after dusk, balance fair; September 10 fair; September 13 and 14 poor.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): September 11 can be unexpectedly helpful and pleasing, except near sunset. September 12 helpful, too, except near sunrise.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): A week for routine affairs, though September 9 (after dusk) or September 14 (to 11 a.m.) fair.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Be wary, for obstacles, worries, upsets, and unpopularity can abound, especially on September 7, 13, and 14. September 8 and 9 poor, also. Routine and patience best.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Hard work should produce good results this week. Seek advancement. Utilise September 7 (noon to 2 p.m.), September 8 (except round sunrise and dusk), September 10 (best near sunrise), September 11 (near sunrise and after 7 p.m.), September 12 (late evening), September 13 (to 5 p.m.), and September 14 (to midday).

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): September 11 (except round sunset) can be helpful.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Your stars are unhelpful just now, so keep to routine affairs, avoiding changes, upsets, losses, opposition, and worry, especially on September 7 and 13 (both adverse), and September 8, 9, and 14, all very poor. Be cheerful, patient, cautious.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead

"I was teaching him to somersault and look what happened!"

Fashion PATTERNS

F253.—Snappy jerkin—a wardrobe necessity. Sizes, 32 to 38-inch bust. Requires 1½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

F11.—Impeccable cut and tailoring (English Board of Trade design). Sizes, 32 to 38-inch bust. Requires 2yds. for jacket; 1½yds., 54ins. wide, for skirt. Pattern, 2/7.

F3400.—Form-fitting style for special occasions wear. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds., 54ins. wide, or 4½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2022.—Darling frock for the 4 to 10-year-olds. Requires 2½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

F4810.—Mothers will welcome this well-cut pattern for boy's pyjamas. Sizes, 10 to 16 years. Requires 4½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

Needlework Notions

DAINTY PEASANT OVERALL FOR CHILD

Isn't it cute? This little ready-to-make (No. 394) comes to you with the pattern and embroidery design traced on eyelet linene in saxe, lemon, green, pink, or white. All you have to do is to cut out, embroider, and make up.

The design is quaint, with its fully gathered skirt, gaily embroidered around the hemline, fitted waistline, and twin shoulder-straps also embroidered. (The blouse is not included.)

In sizes 6 to 10 years—prices are:

Ready to make: Size 6 to 8 years, 6/6 (3 coupons); size 8 to 10 years, 7/3 (3 coupons). Postage, 4½d.

CHIC SUIT FOR SMALL LAD

This, too, is a ready-to-make. The pattern is clearly traced on hard-wearing cotton material, linette, in attractive shades of lemon, green, pink, blue, natural, also white.

The tucked bodice, Peter Pan collar, and short sleeves make an attractive shirt, whilst the trousers are short, well cut, and show a hip pocket with a kangaroo motif for embroidery. The ideal garment for hot days.

Size 1 to 3 years, 5/3 (5 coupons); size 3 to 4 years, 5/11 (5 coupons); size 4 to 6 years, 6/6 (3 coupons). Postage 4½d.

Please ask for No. 333.

"MAVIS" well-cut frock... for now and early summer

NOT prim, but trim . . . the turn-back shirtmaker collar, attractive treatment in bodice and short sleeve, self-belted waistline, and pleated skirt make the "Mavis" a winner for simplicity and smartness for spring and early summer wear.

The material used for this design is a well-known cloth named Suedelaine, and is available in delightful shades, including rubdued-pink, moonlight-grey, gold-dust, heaven-blue, and mid-green. As the name implies, the material has a suede finish and is a medium-weight cloth.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 36/11 (13 coupons); sizes 36, 38, and 40in., 39/11 (13 coupons). Postage, 1/9½.

Cut Out Only (ready to sew at home!) Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 42/11 (13 coupons); sizes 36, 38, and 40in., 44/11 (13 coupons). Postage, 1/9½.

How to obtain **"MAVIS"**: In N.S.W. obtain postal note for required amount and send to Box 248BB, G.P.O., Sydney. In other States use address given left.

SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

Available for one month only from date of issue.

TWO HATS AND A MEDIUM SIZE HANDBAG

No. 1 HAT.—Requires ¾yd., 36ins. wide, and ½yd. french canvas for lining.
No. 2 HAT.—Requires ¾yd., 36ins. wide, and ½yd. french canvas for lining.
No. 3 BAG.—Requires ½yd., 36ins. wide, and ½yd. of buckram for lining.

PLEASE NOTE! To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: ★ Write your name and address in block letters. ★ Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. ★ State size required. ★ For children state age of child. ★ Use box numbers given on concession coupon.

Concession Coupon

AVAILABLE for one month from date of issue; 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed.

Send your order to "Pattern Department" to the address in your State, as under:

Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide. Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 491G, G.P.O., Perth. Box 408W, G.P.O., Sydney.
Box 409F, G.P.O., Brisbane. Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Tasmania: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
N.Z.: Box 408W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

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COMPETITION at Y.W.C.A. party to make newspaper dress in fifteen minutes has eager competitors in A.c.w. Alexia Lucas (left) and Pte. Ruth Howard, while Miss Dorothy Penn looks on.

ENJOYING THEIR LUNCH at C.E.N.E.F. Servicewomen's Hostel in St. Andrew's Place are Sgt. Joan Everingham, Corporals R. Haughton, and D. Noble.

MARRIED RECENTLY. L.a.c. Mark Pain and his bride, formerly Betty Clutterbuck, eldest daughter of Flight-Lieutenant and Mrs. Norman Clutterbuck, of Rose Bay. Betty was first child to be born on R.A.A.F. station, and her father has been in R.A.A.F. for 27 years.

On and Off Duty.

MEMBERS of the theatrical and radio profession who are now formed into Stage Door Canteen committee are planning after-theatre party on September 18 at the Minerva.

Invitations promise "Fun, Games, and Refreshments," and Edwin Styles, star of "George Washington Slept Here," which opens this Tuesday at the Minerva, will be host to the party.

Patron of canteen is popular Gladys Moncrieff, who, with committee, is raising funds to enable canteen to be opened shortly. Actual location of canteen is still a moot point, but when opened will cater for members of Allied Forces and the Merchant Navy.

Permanent offices of the canteen movement are in Cathcart House, and telephone number is B1663.

• • •

ENGAGEMENT announced. Betty May, only daughter of Mr. G. Rainey, of Maroubra, to A.c.1 Howard Charles James, R.A.A.F., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. T. James, of Maroubra and Mittagong.

• • •

THREE-TIERED birthday cake cut with due ceremony at first birthday celebration of "Open House" at the Y.M.C.A.

In addition to providing for needs of servicemen in the field, facilities are now provided for men on leave, and weekly "Open House" and dance has proved most popular innovation during past year.

Among official guests at the birthday party are Mr. Hubert Fairfax (president of Y.M.C.A.) and Mrs. Fairfax, who recently donated mobile unit to service forward areas.

• • •

AMERICAN mail brings letter from Mrs. Gus Bagnard (remembered here as Paddy Tebbutt, who married Gus when he was out here as a member of late Zane Grey's photographic staff).

Paddy encloses snap of herself and her two sons, David Leslie and seven-months-old John Lambert.

Paddy lives these days at Manhattan Beach, but has been having a grand holiday at friends' "palatial home" at Pasadena, where snapshot was taken on the terrace.

Paddy, who is proficient horsewoman, had a grand time galloping around the district on the prize back in the stables.

• • •

LOVELY diamond solitaire for Patricia Horan, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Horan, of Stanmore, and Sgt.-Pilot Leslie Harper, R.A.A.F., youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Harper, of Vaucluse.

Patricia, who has job teaching at Singleton, says she and her fiance will not be married until after the war.

NEW OFFICERS' CLUB. At new Kinneil Officers' Club, voluntary helpers Joan Melville (left) and Mrs. Sam Jones arrange flowers in the lounge, while Sub-Lieut. A. E. Dean, R.A.N., enjoys comfortable chair and a magazine.

TRYING OUT BILLIARD TABLE in new recreational wing at 103rd G.H., built and equipped by A.B.C. staff War Funds Committee, is Pte. Ken Carter, A.I.F. (extreme right), watched by (from left), Mr. A. L. Blythe, Matron F. M. E. Dowdle, Marie Littlejohn, Jean Patterson, Helen Stacy, Betty Forbes. To raise further funds, A.B.C. committee is arranging Beethoven concert at Town Hall on September 16.

CONCERT FOR RED CROSS. Members of Red Cross Special Auxiliary (from left): Mrs. L. E. Croll, Mrs. Bruce Minell, Mrs. D. Shepherd, and Mrs. R. J. Pye discuss plans for operatic concert at Town Hall on September 22 for Red Cross.

PRIVATE B. M. (BUNTY) LEE, A.A.M.W.S., only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Lee, of Manly, is now attached to an Australian General Hospital in South Australia.

• • •

JANET MCPHEE, secretary of the R.A.A.F. Younger Set (Richmond Station), reports that committee are holding dance at Federation House, Phillip Street, on September 17.

Younger Set not only provides comforts for local R.A.A.F. stations, but sends them to all lonely outposts.

Recently they gave cheque for £50 to R.A.A.F. Circulating Library, and have promised library a further cheque for this amount.

Anyone wishing to obtain tickets may ring Miss McPhee at M2906.

• • •

SERVICE engagement of interest is that of Pte. Hilary Bryant, of A.W.A.S., daughter of Staff-Sergeant and Mrs. H. S. Bryant, of Randwick, and Pte. Frank Neville, A.I.F. (ret.), youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Neville, of Melbourne.

LETTER of thanks from Matron Crell, at 113th A.G.H., to Mrs. J. D. Pateman, of Concord Road, Concord. Mrs. Pateman personally hand-made 1000 milk-jug covers for the hospital, besides carrying on her usual war work.

• • •

THE engagement is announced of Margaret Fenn, only daughter of Major and Mrs. J. H. F. Lipscombe, of Taree, to Lieut. R. E. Jacobs, A.I.F., only son of Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Jacobs, of Malvern, Victoria.

• • •

CONGRATULATIONS are in order to Flight-Lieutenant Peter Watson, D.F.C., and his wife, Betty, whose baby daughter was born recently at Allawah Private Hospital, Canberra. Before her marriage Mrs. Watson was Betty Hyles, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hyles, of Murryong, Queanbeyan.

Flight-Lieutenant Watson, who is a Spitfire pilot, is at a northern battle station.

Betty

LEAVING ST. JUDE'S after their wedding are Warrant-Officer John Moore, R.A.N., and his bride, who was formerly Joan Radford, of Randwick.

Film Reviews

★★ NIGHT PLANE FROM CHUNGKING

Robert Preston, Ellen Drew. (Paramount.)

PACKED with excitement and thrills, this film has the Chinese battle theatre for background, and the bomb-scarred Assam Road as its immediate locale. The action is swiftly paced and the interest well sustained. Robert Preston makes an attractive hero, and is aptly cast as the tough American flier attached to the Chinese Army. Ellen Drew, as the Red Cross nurse, provides the romantic foil, but is an insipid heroine, and fails in most sequences to make her role convincing.—Capitol and Cameo; showing.

MANTRAP

Henry Stephenson, Dorothy Lovett. (Republic.)

A FRANKLY boring murder mystery, slowed down by a succession of labored situations and dull characters. The tale revolves around venerable Henry Stephenson, a former Scotland Yard man, who is called in by the district attorney to help solve a murder. Lloyd Corrigan as his doctor friend provides the all too few lighter moments in this film. The romantic interest is supplied by policeman Joseph Allen, jun., and housekeeper's daughter, Dorothy Lovett, but it's a pretty tiresome affair.—Capitol and Cameo; showing.

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Movie World

● *Anne Gwynne, one of Universal's most promising young starlets, started out to be a lawyer. During one of the summer vacations she made a special underwater newsreel in the pool at Palm Springs, where she was seen by a studio executive and started on her screen career. Several months ago Anne announced her engagement to Major Chick Sales, of the U.S. Army. Her latest film is the Walter Wanger production, "We've Never Been Licked," with Richard Quine and Martha O'Driscoll.*

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If yours is a case of eczema, ulcers, or pollum wounds, be sure to use Flexibar. For cuts and other everyday injuries it heals without a scar.

The valuable ti-tree oil—a most powerful germicide—in Flexibar makes it easily absorbed into the skin, soothing pain and reducing swelling and inflammation.

FLEXIBAR OINTMENT

Price, 2/- full-size jar. From Chemists and Stores. If unavailable locally, write to Flexibar Distributors: 375 Kent Street, Sydney, or 328 Flinders Lane, Melbourne.

1 **ON EVE** of his departure to a seminary to train as minister, Paul Dresser (Vic Mature) resolves to be a composer, so defies family and runs away from home.

2 **WHEN** penniless he is befriended by carnival girl, Mae (Carole Landis).

3 **HE JOINS** carnival, and is furious when jeered at by visiting show people, Sally (Rita Hayworth) and Fred (John Sutton).

4 **GOING TO NEW YORK,** Paul achieves success writing songs for Sally.

5 **UNDER SALLY'S TUTELAGE,** Paul becomes famous, but this goes to his head, and Sally seeks consolation with old friends Fred and publisher (James Gleason).

Stop Kidney Poisoning To-day

If you suffer from **Rheumatism, Sleepless Nights, Leg Pains, Backache, Lumbago, Nervousness, Headaches and Colds, Dizziness, Circles under Eyes, Swollen Ankles, Loss of Appetite or Energy,** you should know that your system is being poisoned because germs are impairing the vital process of your kidneys. Ordinary medicines can't help much because you must kill the germs which cause these troubles, and blood can't be pure till kidneys function normally. Stop troubles by removing cause with Cystex—the new scientific discovery which starts benefit in 2 hours. Cystex must prove entirely satisfactory and be exactly the medicine you need or money back is guaranteed. Get Cystex from your chemist or store. The Guarantee protects you

Cystex New in 2 sizes: 6/-, 8/-

Guaranteed for Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism.

Aunt Polly says

Why do young men have to be sent to a camp in the next State afore they discover the sweetest-girl-in-the-world lives just down the street in their own home town!

* * *

I'll wager thousands are grateful to that nice announcer on the Amateur Hour for telling 'em how to save clothes coupons. Everyone I've ever tipped about Rinso says how much longer it makes linens last.

* * *

The man who says life's too short to spend worryin' usually lives a real long time.

* * *

Our butcher reckons there are two kinds of brides. Those that don't know meat cuts and say so, and those that buy chops.

* * *

Yes, Rinso makes clothes last all right! And you can understand why when you compare its handfuls of soft rich suds with some of the poor latherin' soaps that need elbow-grease to help 'em along. And talkin' about suds, ever try Rinso in the washing-up dish!

Rinso's richer, thicker suds make the whole wash sparkle

A LEVER PRODUCT. Z 94.24

6 **PAUL** realises his love for Sally, and when she refuses to see him Fred and Wiley (Phil Silvers) persuade her to sing his new hit song, "My Gal Sal," which he composed for her.

My Gal Sal

IN the days of the Floradora Girl, all America was singing and dancing to the catchy melodies of a smalltown boy from Indiana. This new musical from 20th Century-Fox is the story of that boy, Paul Dresser, whose own career was as flamboyant and extravagant as the period he set to music.

Brother of the famous author, Theodore Dreiser (notice he spells his name differently), Paul started out from his home with only a guitar and a lot of self-confidence.

From this meagre beginning he forged himself into one of the outstanding songwriters of the country. In 1898, when America was just beginning to realise the gravity of the Spanish-American War, Dresser contributed several patriotic songs which added their significance to the war effort.

It was only fitting that this young musical giant should voice his exuberance in the great song hit of the day, "Mr. Volunteer." The war itself didn't last very long, but the songs themselves have a place in the memory of the American people. Also included amongst his wide repertoire are "On the Banks of the Wabash," "My Gal Sal," and "I'se Your Honey If You Wants Me, Liza Jane."

"APPLE PIE, COFFEE, AND KOLYNOS TOOTH POWDER, PLEASE". Maybe that sounds a weird combination . . . until you remember that druggists in America (chemists to us) serve food as well as medicines and toilet preparations. New American trend is use of tooth powder for dental hygiene, and already the idea's catching on here. Limited supplies of Kolynos Tooth Powder are now available at all chemists and stores. We think you'll like it. Americans do. It's a powder form of the famous Kolynos Dental Cream. **KOLYNOS TOOTH POWDER**

JOY TOY COUPON

Please complete this coupon carefully, enclose the necessary amount, and post it to The Australian Women's Weekly in your own State, as under:

JOY TOY PATTERN DEPARTMENT

Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide. Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.
Box 409F, G.P.O., Brisbane. Tasmania: Box 68D, G.P.O., Hobart.
Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME .....

STREET .....

SUBURB ..... STATE .....

For preference, please send me the following pattern, etc.:—

CHOICE No. 1 .....

CHOICE No. 2 .....

CHOICE No. 3 .....

If ordering "Shirley" or "Sally" we advise you to buy the complete outfit. "Shirley" 3/-, "Sally" 2/3.

Choice 2 or 3 will be used only if No. 1 is unavailable.

11/9/'43

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JOY TOYS

Make them for Christmas!

● Every mother is concerned over the problem of how to get toys for her children for Christmas . . . here's the answer to the problem.

BUY a famous Joy Toy pattern and make for yourself out of scraps one of these lovely toys.

They are fascinating, and will capture the heart of every kiddie.

Illustrations show Shirley the doll, Sally the rag doll, Peter the rabbit, Bruno the bear, Jumbo the elephant, and Pongo the faithful-hearted doggie.

The Australian Women's Weekly has obtained the rights to sell traced patterns and complete and easy directions for making these six famous Joy Toys.

Step-by-step directions, together with diagrams for making, accompany every clearly traced pattern.

Shirley's face mask with hair attached is also available; also the face mask for Sally the rag doll.

So that you can dress Shirley the doll with skilful ease, a set of patterns has been designed especially for her, embracing bonnet, petticoat, panties, frock.

All kinds of scraps from the remnant bag, outdated dresses, useless evening gowns, jackets, coats can be utilised, and beautiful toys carrying that professional touch can be made by the veriest amateur for the price of patterns and directions.

SHE'S SWEET and lovely to look at, lovely to play with—SHIRLEY THE DOLL. Complete directions for making cost 2/-, face mask with hair attached, 6d., directions for making her pretty clothes, 6d. Complete cost is only 3/-.

SHY, yet very cuddlesome, is PETER THE RABBIT. You can make him so easily with pattern and directions, which cost 2/- post free.

ABOVE you see dear little SALLY THE RAG DOLL. Complete directions for making Sally, including her clothes, cost 2/-. A cloth face mask for darling Sally costs 3d. extra.

+ + +

BRUNO THE BEAR will be adored by your little cherub. Do make him. Pattern and directions cost 2/-.

+ + +

LEFT: The sweetest doggie you've ever set eyes upon is PONGO. Pattern and directions for making cost 2/-, post free.

+ + +

VERY IMPOSING and very desirable is JUMBO THE ELEPHANT—and he's so easy to make, too. Pattern and directions for making, including howdah, cost 2/-. You can make him so easily.

Where to get JOY TOY patterns

If ordering by mail, use the coupon on opposite page.

PATTERN and directions cost 2/ each, post free.

Separate patterns and directions for making Shirley the doll's clothes cost 6d., post free.

Face mask with hair attached for Shirley the doll costs 6d., post free.

A cloth face mask for Sally the rag doll costs 3d.

Patterns may be obtained from any one of The Australian Women's Weekly Offices, from Myer's (Melbourne), David Jones' (Sydney), Fitzgerald's (Hobart), Myer's (Adelaide), Women's Weekly Club for Servicewomen (Sydney).

All these stores are handling the Joy Toy patterns at no cost as a goodwill gesture to little Australians.

As a limited number of patterns are available, a first and second choice should be made when ordering by mail.

N.B.—When ordering Shirley the doll directions please add 6d. for face mask and 6d. for clothing directions. If requiring face mask for Sally the rag doll, please add 3d. to the price of pattern directions.

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Continuing . . . Courage

from page 5

"THAT lion," George said, pulling in alongside Eric for a moment, "he's travellin'. He's stayin' off rough ground. He knows we're after him now, and he's pushin'."

Eric's mouth was open to ease his breathing, but he had emptied his canteen hours before and his mouth was so dry that no words would come out of it. He nodded.

His mind retreated from the present, but the vast and empty distances refused to be dismissed. The hours went on, and he began to cough. He tried to hide it by riding behind George. One spell bent him double, and he had to cling to the saddle horn; as he straightened up he saw, as in a slow-motion picture, George's pony step in a gopher hole. Its forequarters and head went down, George was thrown clear; he rolled a few feet and sat up as the pony got to its feet and stood on three legs, its head hanging.

He pulled up beside George, looking into George's face, so tired that the defeat the pony had brought seemed very far away. The thought of going on alone, without George, to kill the cougar, never occurred to him.

And then he saw, drawing away from them, the black-and-white limping shape of the hound. It was moving more slowly now, but it went on, indomitable and heedless and alone. It shocked him out of his acceptance of defeat and swept the cobwebs of weariness from his brain.

He knew that he had to go after it, and when he knew that the fear he'd been able to hide from himself, the fear of having to face the cougar alone, was in the open.

"Get down, Cap," George said, rising to his feet. "Get down and we'll camp. The pony's leg ain't broke, and maybe I can limber him up by to-morrow."

He stared at George and the sweat came out on his hands. "I could go back. Nobody would blame me," his thought ran. "But I'd have to leave the ranch after it brought me back to life, and I wouldn't have any life after that. I'd never forget I was afraid, that I was licked; the dream would come back, and it would be right, and to die would be better than that. I lost Pearl Harbor as much as any of them, but that's done with, and I'm not going to be licked again, no matter what."

The hound was well away now, getting small in the distance. He touched the pony with his spurs; it wheeled and fought him, snorting, loath to move off.

"Cap!" George shouted, starting for him. "Cap, you ain't —— You can't do it, Cap! There's a little ranch twenty-thirty mile over the ridge!"

He dug his spurs in, and the wrenching of the pony against his aching bones made him catch his breath. "Get a horse there and come after me!" he shouted, and dug in his spurs again.

By the end of the afternoon the pony's lope had become a sort of shamble. He lost all sense of distance and time; when the world threatened to close in on him, he tricked his mind, fixing it on the hound, to exclude everything else, to go on and on, not on his courage or the remainder of his strength, but in a blind and desperate upholding of the will.

The coming of sunset, with its gathering coolness, revived him a little. They had turned south into a stony valley between two ridges which quickly grew high and steep, crowned on their summits by battlements of eroded rock.

The hound was closer now, and its movements more painful and slow, but the horse was too tired for him to catch up with it. At his hoarse cries it paused and regarded him for a moment wistfully, starting off again before he came within reach. He followed it, managing to get close enough to keep the flickering white of its body within view as darkness fell.

The two ridges drew closer together as the valley narrowed, pressing in. In the cold light the hound had got very small, shrunken in upon itself. It drew away, then stopped.

The pony stopped, too, so close to the rock that he slipped off on the wrong side, and rested for a minute against the saddle.

The hound's head was up, and following its gaze he saw, near the black gash of a crevice running into the side of the ridge, the cougar crouched on a rock. It was a tense dark shadow frosted by the full moonlight; its long, heavy tail flickered and its hindquarters stirred. It misjudged him, giving him too much strength waiting; if it had charged then it would have had him.

There wasn't any feeling in him at all except the feeling that time was standing still. His left hand and arm were numb. He could not move as he tried to bring his rifle over into position. Then he felt that time began again, time that had waited for an instant and now raced against him, time in which the cougar would charge or the pony catch the scent and stampede. Not breathing, he made another attempt to lift his rifle.

He felt the strength flow back into his arm. The rifle glinted as he slowly edged it across the horse's back. His fingers pulled back the hammer, and he shot at the faint burning green of the cougar's eyes. It whipped sideways, roaring, and vanished into the crevice; the bounding echoes of the shots were like blows.

Ejecting the empty shell, he started forward with the hound. As the blackness of the crevice fell upon him it brought reaction and the cold sweat of a fear beside which the earlier one was abstract and pale, because this was immediate and final. His tired mind, face to face in the lonely dark with the legend that seemed invincible, knew the greatest fear that it would ever know.

At a moon-splashed corner the rushing dark body met them, snarling. The hound, leaping upward at the cougar's throat, blocked its charge and stopped it so close to Eric that the muzzle was against its head when he fired. After it grew still he disentangled the hound's light, broken body, and, carrying it in his arms, got out of the crevice before he fell.

. . . . . .

Eric was lying in exhausted sleep with the hound's body beside him, when George and the Indian found him late in the next morning. They watched him for a moment, and then, with rifles ready, went into the crevice. They stopped when they came to the dead cougar, and their eyes met.

"Good," the Indian said stolidly. "Shot close, shot in dark."

George pushed his hat back; it was an oddly inarticulate gesture. "There ain't no harm in you knowin' it," he said, "that he didn't want to come. You see what I mean, Charley?"

The Indian nodded. "Sure," he said.

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De Witt's Pills restore weak kidneys to healthy activity. Healthy kidneys will promptly clean out of your system poisons and impurities that cause Rheumatic pains.

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DeWitt's KIDNEY AND BLADDER Pills

Miss Stanton Steps Out

Continued from page 4

MUCH to his own surprise, Dr. Mackenzie heard himself replying in an urgent, positively strained voice:

"Yes, it's most important. Could I wait for her?"

"Nay, I wouldn't if I was you—you'll be 'ere all t'evenin'. She rarely gets 'ome afore ten, an' today's 'er first day back. She's apt to be oop there all hours."

"Oh." The doctor knew suddenly how bitterly disappointed he was. The woman eyed him with frank curiosity.

"If it's that important maybe you could see 'er out at factory. She'll likely be able to spare a minute or two."

"Factory?" Dr. Mackenzie thought he must have misunderstood. "Did you say factory?"

"Ay! You can't know mooch about 'er if you don't know about factory," she said suspiciously. "You'd better write 'er a letter or call in t'mornin'."

She was just about to close the door, but the doctor recovered from his shock in time.

"Wait a minute!" he cried. "I must see her right away. Please tell me where to find her."

Twenty minutes later he was knocking uncertainly on an office door bearing her name. He had made his way there in a kind of daze.

He heard her quiet "Come in," swallowed hard, and entered.

He found himself in a small office furnished with several chairs and a large, business-like desk. A huge basket of flowers with a ribbon on which was printed "Welcome Home" stood on the floor.

Miss Stanton, in white silk blouse and tweed suit, sat at the desk, seemingly immersed in work.

So this was Miss Winifred Stanton. What an unutterable fool he'd been not to know. But even while he was cursing his lack of perception he tried to convince himself that he had, of course, known all the time. Why else had he decided to deliver the pearls himself?

As he walked to the desk Winifred looked up. She sat quite still, staring at him. He wasn't real. It was just her heart playing tricks on her. She remembered having heard that it was extremely dangerous to fall in love for the first time when you are well past thirty. Then he actually spoke. Winifred turned so pale that it even showed under her tan.

"Miss Stanton—Winifred—you—lost your pearls—" he stammered, fumbling in his pocket.

"Did I? I didn't know—" The color was back in her cheeks, but her voice was faint.

"Yes," he went on. "I—I brought them myself—in case they're valuable. I—I thought I'd better—" He lapsed into silence.

"That's awfully kind."

Winifred held out her hand. But instead of dropping the pearls into it, Dr. Mackenzie took it and held it tightly, peering anxiously into her eyes.

"That—that wasn't the only reason I came."

"No?" Winifred half rose from her seat.

Dr. Mackenzie drew her to him.

"Winifred," he said huskily, "did you really think you fooled me?"

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THINK how marvellous it would be to be free from that constant irritation, that pain, that nasty sleep-robbing inflammation! Cleanse your skin from those blemishes! See those open places heal over. **Germolene** will accomplish this wonderful result for you. Get a jar without delay and see how it cleanses, heals, soothes and wipes away all types of skin trouble. **Germolene** will heal your skin clean.

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While you dream of love . . . your hands can become softer, whiter, lovelier than ever. Pond's Hand Lotion works while you sleep. Silky-smooth — not the least bit greasy — you can leave it on your hands all night. Before retiring each night, sprinkle a few drops of Pond's Hand Lotion onto the palms of your hands and massage well in with a hand washing motion. Then see your hands become softer and whiter. Pond's Hand Lotion is obtainable at all stores and chemists.

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You may have lovely hands

● Simple exercises plus daily application of cream or hand lotion work like magic.

LEFT: Place wrist and finger-tips on table, fingers arched, as though playing the piano. Beginning with first finger, lift each one in turn as high as possible, then press down hard. Now, holding hand in same position, bring thumb under palm, then stretch it out. Repeat 10 times.

ABOVE: Holding corner of a newspaper page in hand, stretch arm out at shoulder height and gradually gather paper into crushed ball in hand. Repeat with other arm. The lovely girl is Adele Mara, Columbia player.

RIGHT: Do this every night: Apply cream or lotion, and use the same stroke motion over fingers and palms as you do in putting on a pair of kid gloves. Be liberal with the cream or lotion.

Early weaning a tragedy

By Our Mothercraft Nurse

EARLY weaning is a tragedy for both mother and babe. In spite of better Mothercraft education, there are still far too many cases in which natural feeding is abandoned in the first weeks of life and for very inadequate reasons.

A survey of the reasons usually given for weaning baby is contained in a leaflet prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Service Bureau, and a copy will be sent if a request with a stamped addressed envelope is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

Easy to get and easy to lose

● Though chicken-pox is an "easy" complaint, avoid it—if you can! It's both miserable and irritating, and can be disfiguring. Moreover, it's very catching.

By MEDICO

MAVIS MARTIN found it hard to believe she had chicken-pox. "I feel so miserable!" she protested. "And besides, I'm 23. I thought only children got chicken-pox?"

"Well—yes, it is usually a childhood complaint," I agreed, "and one of the easiest" — Mavis gave me an indignant look—"but it seems to strike much harder at adults."

As they both start with the sniffles and a rash, chicken-pox is very often mistaken for measles. But here the similarity ends.

If you look closely you will see that the chicken-pox spots are full of what appears to be water; they look like blisters. This water turns to pus and then dries up, forming a crust. Left alone, these crusts will fall off in two or three days, leaving the skin clear again.

As I mentioned before, though adults may feel very miserable, for children chicken-pox is the easiest of all childhood complaints. There are no complications, and generally the only discomfort is a sore throat and an irritating itch.

Take these precautions

HOWEVER, there is one precaution to take—don't disturb the crusts before they are ready to fall off. If they are taken off too soon the result may be scars. These are very disfiguring if they are on the face.

If the rash is very irritating a warm bath will give some relief, or a dusting with starch and zinc oxide powder. Young children who can't keep their fingers quiet should have their nails cut or their hands put in white cotton gloves. This will stop them from starting any secondary infection.

Just why children have chicken-pox is still a mystery. But there are two things we do know. Firstly, one attack gives immunity, and secondly, it is very catching.

I have seen chicken-pox sweep through a school like wildfire. So, if your kiddie has chicken-pox, for the sake of other children keep him home until the skin is quite clear again.

Ford Pills have made me a new woman. It's marvellous to be free from the days of depression and pain I used to suffer.

Ford Pills prevent Constipation and the congestion that causes thousands of women to suffer needless pain and misery. Ford Pills contain the concentrated extracts that give you the valuable laxative properties of fruit to keep you fit in Nature's way.

Start a course of Ford Pills to-day.

Get Ford Pills in the new Red-and-Gold unbreakable tubes for 2/6 and 1/- everywhere.

2/6 tubes hold more than three times the 1/- tubes.

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FORD PILLS

SAY! THIS HELPS ALL YOUR COLD!

IT'S WONDERFUL how much relief your child gets from his cold when you simply rub Vicks VapoRub on his chest, throat, and back at bedtime.

This one simple treatment clears stuffy nose, soothes sore throat, eases tight chest and relieves coughing—*all at one time!*

Try it tonight, for *extra* quick relief. By morning, usually, the worst of the cold is over.

ONE SIMPLE TREATMENT DOES ALL THIS:

CLEARS STUFFY NOSE — Healing vapours, inhaled with every breath, soothe irritation, make breathing easy . . .

EASES TIGHT CHEST, SORE THROAT — At the same time, just like a warming poultice, VapoRub "loosens" chest tightness, eases pain.

RELIEVES COUGHING — With irritation soothed, mouth-breathing stopped, the child's coughing is relieved.

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Prolong the life of your Charma Underlift Brassiere

When properly adjusted its uplift helps to lessen fatigue.

3-41

I'LL BE BACK SOON!

MacRobertson's "FREDDO" CHOCOLATE FROGS

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Meat extender recipes

● These recipes have been planned to help the homemaker serve attractive, nourishing, and satisfying main-course dishes at small cost and little trouble.

By OLWEN FRANCIS
Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

TEMPORARY shortage of beef should not cause any inconvenience or dissatisfaction on the home-front.

There is an abundance of good foods to fill any gaps in the meat supply.

Wisely assembled and attractively served, these foods not only please the palate but nourish and satisfy bodily needs.

Meat is one of our main body-building foods, and the main source of vitamin B.

When meat quantities are cut down on the menu increase the service of eggs, cheese, peas and beans, of the fresh or dried varieties, and whole cereals. These are also body-building foods.

Green, leafy vegetables and yeast are valuable sources of vitamin B, the tonic vitamin.

In the recipes on this page the meat used is given an extended service by the addition of batters, macaroni, or vegetables. The meatless recipes contain a meat substitute food.

BEEF GRIDDLE CAKES

One small finely chopped onion, 1 tablespoon dripping, 1 cup finely chopped cooked beef, ½ teaspoon salt, dash of pepper, 1 cup sifted flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 egg, 1 cup milk (or milk and water), butter or margarine, fat for frying, chopped parsley.

Saute onion in the dripping until browned, add the meat and seasoning. Prepare a smooth, light batter, using the flour, baking powder, egg and milk. Beat in the meat mixture, and cook in spoonfuls on a hot, greased griddle or pan, turning to brown. Brush with butter, and sprinkle with parsley. Serve hot, and freshly made.

LAMB'S FRY AND VEGETABLE PASTIES

One and a half cups finely chopped cooked lamb's fry, 1½ cups chopped cooked vegetables (such as potatoes, carrot, beans), 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 dessertspoon chopped onion, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, 6oz. short pastry, well seasoned and flavored in the mixing with sharp cheese.

Combine the lamb's fry, vegetables, paraley, onion, salt, and pepper. Divide the pastry into four pieces, and roll into rounds. Divide the mixture into four, placing on the rounds. Wet pastry edges and pinch together, forming into pasties. Glaze with milk and bake in a hot oven (450deg. F.) for 10 minutes. Reduce heat to moderate (350 deg. F.) and cook a further 10 minutes. Serve hot with a well-flavored brown sauce and hot vegetables.

A SATISFYING meatless menu is shown above. Savory cream ring, piping hot with vegetables, served with chilled, minted orange slices, and home - made sponge fingers.

SAVORY CREAM RING

Two cups cooked macaroni, or rice, or soft breadcrumbs, 3 cups white sauce, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon minced onion, ½ cup grated cheese, 2 tablespoons chopped green pepper (may be omitted), pepper and salt.

Beat the eggs and whip into the sauce. Add the other ingredients and pour into a greased and crumbed ring mould. Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) until lightly set and browned, about 30 minutes.

KIDNEY AND POTATO PUFTALOONS

Three sheep's kidneys, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 2 cups mashed potatoes, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon flour, pepper and salt, dripping or margarine, breadcrumbs.

Pour boiling water over the kidneys, drain, skin, chop finely, and saute in a little dripping or margarine. Drain off the fat, and combine kidneys with the potato, parsley, beaten egg and flour. Season and roll spoonfuls in crumbs. Deep fry.

SAVORY VEGETABLE ROAST

One onion, 1 tablespoon dripping, 1 cup cooked blue peas or haricot beans, ½ cup soft breadcrumbs, ½ cup grated carrot, ½ cup grated parsnip, ½ cup grated turnip, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 2 eggs, ½ cup milk.

Chop onion finely and fry in the dripping until a light brown color. Add the cooked beans and other vegetables. Add the parsley, and lastly the beaten egg and milk. Turn into a greased loaf-tin and bake in a moderate oven (350deg. F.) for 30 minutes. Serve on a hot dish with brown sauce.

VEAL SALAD LOAF

One cup soft breadcrumbs, ½ cup milk, 2 eggs, 2 cups finely minced, cooked veal, 1 cup finely diced celery, 1 tablespoon chopped eschalot, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper.

Beat eggs and milk, add to the crumbs, and stand aside for 15 minutes. Combine the veal, celery, and eschalot. Season and stir into the crumb mixture. Pour into a well-greased loaf-tin that has been sprinkled with browned crumbs and bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 30 minutes. Unmould when cold, and serve in slices with salad vegetables.

CHEESED ONION PIE

Four large onions, 1 cup soft, white breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon parsley, 2 cups white sauce, ½ cup grated cheese, 1 dessertspoon butter or bacon dripping.

Peel and quarter the onions and cook in a small quantity of water in a lidded pan until tender. Drain and add to the sauce. Add the parsley and half the crumbs. Place in a greased oven-proof dish. Combine the remaining crumbs and cheese. Top the onions with the cheese and crumbs, and dot with butter or bacon-dripping. Bake in a moderately hot oven (375 deg. F.) for about 15 minutes, or until thoroughly hot and lightly browned. Serve piping hot with crisp bacon curls, tomato sauce, and green vegetables.

MOCK CHICKEN PIE

Six ounces flaky pastry, 2½ cups finely minced rabbit or veal, ½ cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon chopped eschalot, 1½ cups white sauce, 2 tablespoons finely chopped bacon (may be omitted), ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper.

Combine the meat, crumbs, eschalot, and sauce. Season well, and place in greased piedish. Sprinkle with chopped bacon, and top with flaky pastry, decorating with pastry rose and leaves, and glazing with beaten egg or milk. Bake in a hot oven (450 deg. F.) for 10 minutes. Reduce heat to moderate (350 deg. F.), and bake a further 15 minutes. Serve piping hot with green peas and hot tomato slices.

CASSOLETTES OF LAMB

Twelve small short pastry cases, 1½ cases minced lamb, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon minced onion, ½ cup white or brown sauce, 1 cup creamed parsnip, 1 egg.

Combine meat, parsley, onion, and sauce, and spoon into pastry cases. Beat the egg, and whip into the parsnip. Top the meat mixture with the creamed parsnip and sprinkle lightly with cheese. Bake in a hot oven (425 deg. F.) until hot, and lightly browned.

Spill glowing color over your garden

● *Nights and mornings are still very chilly, but there is no reason why the gardener who wants a bright show next summer should not sow seeds or set out seedlings — it's sowing time.*

—Says OUR HOME GARDENER

TO-DAY the gardener hasn't very much choice so far as flowers are concerned. Really, it's safest to ask the seedsman what he has left rather than to waste time ordering everything his pre-war catalogue mentioned.

But there will always be plenty of French and African marigolds, those bright flowers with the rather odd odors. But hybridists have taken all the "peculiarity" out of that marigold perfume—and to-day one can buy Guinea Gold, Yellow Supreme, and Sunset hybrids, all of which are sweetly scented.

Linaria is the name of a brilliant little plant belonging to the toadflax family. The flowers resemble miniature snapdragons, and the colors out-vie Joseph's coat in their brilliance and variety.

Seeds of linaria can be sown now.

Seeds of lunaria can also be sown any time during September. And the difference in that second letter is remarkable. The flowers themselves are white and small and rather insignificant, but the seed pods, when dried, will last for years, and are very beautiful.

Annual phlox seed is more plentiful this year than it was last season. Hybridists realised that there was money in its production—and the public demanded seed of Phlox Drummondii because of the dazzling colors of the plants it produces. Seed sown where the plants have to remain will give the gardener a very gay show in late summer.

Zinnias can be sown in frost-free areas now. The dahlia-flowered variety still holds command in the zinnia family, and is easily the most brilliant. Dig the soil deeply for zinnias. They go a long way down and like their food in generous quantity.

The new hybrid petunias are always welcome in the garden. They bloom over a very long period, and are very useful for home decoration as well as providing a splash of color in the garden. The seed is very tiny, therefore it should be sown carefully in well-sieved soil, and must be covered with only a sprinkling of sand and leaf-mould in equal parts.

Godetias, snapdragons, marigolds, larkspurs, clarkias, lupins, nigellas, pansies, violas, and verbenas are among the gay plants that will do their best for you if your soil is fertile.

And for those beds where perennials hold away heuchera or coral bells, columbines, geums, gaillardias, canterbury bells, chrysanthemums, primroses, polyanthus, and stokesia should all be set out now if you want a splash of color.

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BREAKFAST. Vary the poached egg by topping the toast with a hot beetroot relish before capping with the egg. (Right) Forget the sandwich once in a while and pack a meat or vegetable pasty and a fresh tomato in the lunch-box instead of fruit.

DINNER. Hot meat pie, baked in an earthenware casserole, is an all-time favorite when its filling is rich, brown, fragrant with herbs.

MOCK SQUAB PIE

... it's a winner!

● This prize pie is one of the most delicious that ever came out of the oven. It is economical, too. Try it soon!

ALL the other recipes published on this page win cash prizes in this week's best recipe contest.

They are sound, sensible, home-tested recipes.

Now let us have your family favorite. It may win you a cash prize.

FAMOUS MOCK SQUAB PIE

Grease a piedish or casserole and place in it a layer of thinly sliced raw potatoes and then a layer of soaked apple rings. Cover with a layer of jointed rabbit or neck chops of mutton, which have been covered in dripping. Fill the dish with alternate layers of meat, potato, and apple rings, finishing off with potato. Pour in a cup of water to which a little chopped onion and 1 teaspoon of salt and ¼ teaspoon of pepper have been added. Top with shavings of butter or dripping. Cook in a moderate oven for about 1 hour. Keep covered, taking lid off to brown in last 10 minutes.

This dish can be made without meat when milk is used instead of water. An egg can be added to the milk and cheese sprinkled on top.

First Prize of £1 to Louise Gray, 6 Milson Rd., Cremorne, N.S.W.

CURRIED SAUSAGE-MEAT PATTIES

Put 1lb. sausage-meat into a dish and mix in 1 cup breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon dried herbs, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, pepper and salt to taste. Bind together with beaten egg and form mixture into round cakes.

Fry 1 large onion in a little dripping until brown. Stir in 1 tablespoon flour, and 1 tablespoon curry powder. Add enough water to make a rich gravy. Then drop in meat cakes and simmer for ½ hour or until they are cooked.

Served with fingers of toast.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss C. O. Catford, Clare, S.A.

SIZZLING CHEESE PANCAKES, straight from the pan to table, suit any meal of the day. Make batter usual way, omit sugar, add salt, parsley, grated cheese . . . Top with egg for breakfast, follow with salad snippets for lunch—delicious!

DAINTY DISHES FROM LEFT-OVER PORRIDGE

Custard: 4 tablespoons cooked rolled oats, 1 egg, ½ pint milk, 1 tablespoon sugar, essence, nutmeg, and butter.

Grease piedish, beat egg and sugar together, add milk gradually, blending slowly with porridge. Pour into piedish and grate a little nutmeg over. Stand in a baking dish containing water, and bake till custard is set.

Mock Brains: 1 cup left-over oatmeal (thick), small onion diced finely, pinch herbs, salt, pepper, egg, flour, breadcrumbs.

Cook onions and herbs in a small quantity of water, then mix with the porridge and turn on to a plate. When cool, cut into neat shapes, coat in flour, egg, and breadcrumbs, and fry a golden brown. Garnish with parsley and serve hot.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Monteith, 331 Montague Rd., West End., S. Brisbane.

CHEESE AND KIDNEY CHARLOTTE

Line a buttered mould with thin slices buttered bread, sprinkle thickly with breadcrumbs and grated cheese. Then add a layer of minced, well-seasoned kidney, sprinkle with chopped ham or bacon, and a little chopped parsley. Cover with a thin layer of thin bread and butter, sprinkle with grated cheese, and continue this until dish is three-parts full. Beat one or two eggs with 1 pint milk, season with pepper and salt, and pour over contents of mould. Leave a few minutes till bread has soaked up liquid, then bake in a moderate oven till set and brown. Turn out and serve with tomato sauce.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. L. Russell, 8 Phillip Court, 1 Latimer Rd., Bellevue Hill, N.S.W.

ECONOMICAL CHOCOLATE SPONGE SANDWICH

One ounce butter, 1oz. lard, 1 small teacup sugar, ½ cup milk, ½ teaspoon carbonate of soda, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon cocoa, 1½ small cups self-raising flour, ½ cup boiling water, ½ teaspoon lemon essence.

Cream butter, lard and sugar thoroughly, add egg, and then dry cocoa (which has been put through sifter). Next add soda mixed in milk, then sifted flour, and lastly add boiling water. Beat with a fork lightly until ingredients are well blended. Halve mixture and put in two sandwich tins (7-inch) which have been well greased. Bake in moderate oven; when cold, ice with chocolate icing and fill with any favorite mock cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. H. Hunt, 46 Tarlton Rd., Somerlea, Nth. Brighton, S.A.

A valuable aid to convalescence

In military hospitals and convalescent homes Bourn-vita is today assisting the convalescence of our sick and wounded men.

Made from eggs, full-cream milk, barley malt and chocolate, Bourn-vita is both nourishing and easily digestible . . . the perfect food-drink for all convalescents.

Bourn-vita at bedtime induces healthy, natural sleep.

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HANSEN'S JUNKET TRIFLE.
Sponge cakes, jam, 1 pint milk, 1 tablespoon sugar, Hansen's Junket. Spread jam on sponge cakes, cut up and put in glasses. Make 1 pint Hansen's Junket, pour on to cakes, leave to set, serve cool. Use favourite toppings.

HANSEN'S Junket TABLETS

A tasty, nutritious BALANCED MEAL *cooked and served in just* ONE DISH

● It sounds like magic—but any cook can do it if she owns a Pyrex casserole! In one of these sparkling oven dishes meat and green vegetables and potatoes—all the elements of a balanced meal—can be cooked together and carried straight to the table!

● Long famous for its savouriness, Pyrex casserole cooking has come into its own in wartime—because casserole food is more nutritious, and casserole cooking allows you to get the greatest benefit from even the cheapest cuts of meat and retains all the essential vitamin content of the food. It saves fuel, it saves work, it saves money.

● Make the most of the food you buy . . . do all your cooking in Pyrex.

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Dear Madam:

Our factories are working at full capacity. Arnott's Biscuits are "On [illegible]e" on every Australian battle [illegible] We have removed many lines [illegible]ur lists to enable us to fulfil war orders, and we look forward to that happy day when supplies will once again be ample.

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